

Newport Mercury

VOLUME CLIII--NO. 18.

NEWPORT, R. I., OCTOBER 8, 1910.

WHOLE NUMBER 8,555.

The Mercury.

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

103 THAMES STREET.

NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1855, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with less than half a dozen exceptions. The oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected advertisements and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

HOPKINS WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 255, Order Sons of St. George—Frederick E. Vose, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

DANISH BROTHERHOOD—Eric Christensen, President; Anton Christensen, Secretary. Meets second and fourth Mondays.

COURT WATSON, No. 820, FORESTERS OF AMERICA—James Graham, Chief Ranger; Joseph J. Jones, Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—James Robertson, President; Daniel J. Coughlin, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Mrs. B. Coney Sullivan, President; Miss B. M. Dennehy, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

DAUGHTERS OF THE THISTLE, No. 3—President, Mrs. Catherine Lillies; Secretary, Mrs. Adam Hemphill. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

ADMIRAL THOMAS CAMP, Spanish War Veterans—Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays. Commandant, Charles Boldt; Adjutant, Marshall W. Hall.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Miss Catherine O'Leary; Secretary, Jeanie Fontaine. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

RENOVO LODGE, No. 11, R. O. F.—James R. Hampton, Chancellor; Commander, Robert B. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seal. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DANISH DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. O. of P.—St. Ignace Captain Sidney D. Harvey; J. W. Swinburne, Recorder. Meets 1st Fridays.

GLAS McLEOD, No. 183—John Yule, Chief; Alexander Gilles, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

NEWPORT LODGE, No. 23, Independent Order Sons of Benjamin—Louis Lach, President; Louis W. Kewett, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Sundays.

Local Matters.

Board of Aldermen.

The monthly meeting of the Board of Aldermen was held Tuesday evening with Mayor Boyle presiding and all the members present.

The following bills were ordered paid:

Board of Health,	\$97.70
Books, stationery and printing,	126.24
City Assessor,	189.27
Fire department,	1,257.95
Jail costs,	145.95
Lighting streets,	5,183.75
Burial grounds,	73.00
Dog fund,	101.00
Newport sick,	42.00
Town Synagogue fund,	150.25
Police,	221.50
Port department,	113.41
Public buildings,	557.96
Public Parks,	15,224.52
Public schools, for playgrounds,	87.40
Streets and highways,	2,727.84
Ward meetings,	570.12
	\$36,038.65

The monthly report of the street commissioner was read, as was also the quarterly report of the dog constable.

The acceptance by the Old Colony Street Railway Company of the grant of the right to lay a conduit on Bellevue avenue was received.

Bills of the Butler Florist Company were approved.

A petition from J. H. Hilderley and others asking for a sewer on Vaughan avenue was received and referred to the street commissioner for a report.

It was voted to ask the building inspector and the contractor for the voting booths to attend the next meeting of the board.

No action was taken in regard to the Marchant street dump.

The board of aldermen held its second meeting of the week Tuesday evening, with Acting Mayor Shepley presiding. A number of bills were approved and ordered paid. The sum of \$500 was voted to be paid Mr. Gillies as partial payment on the erection of the voting booths.

Messrs. Walter Bitreu and William Boyd were appointed special policemen.

After a short business session the board adjourned.

Mrs. Pembroke Jones, who has been seriously ill at her summer residence here for a number of weeks, is slowly recovering, but it will be some time before she will be able to leave Newport.

In the district court on Tuesday Richard M. Healey was held for the grand jury in December on a charge of assault with a dangerous weapon on John Thompson, on August 25th.

Death Claims Judge Topham.

The death of Judge James G. Topham removes one of Newport's oldest and best known citizens. He died Tuesday evening at the home of his son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Theophilus Topham, on Wesley street, where he had made his home for many years, in his eighty-eighth year. He was taken ill about a week before his death with a bad cold, which at first was not regarded as serious, but his advanced age was against him and pneumonia soon developed.

Mr. Topham was born in Newport in February, 1823, and his entire life of 87 years had been spent here. He was a son of Theophilus and Susan Topham, his father for many years conducting a bakery on Washington street. He was a descendant on his father's side of Governor Benedict Arnold, the first governor of Rhode Island under the royal charter, and also of John Coggeshall, the first president of the colony of Newport. He was also a descendant in the second generation of Colonel John Topham, who served in the Continental army from 1772 until the close of the Revolution. He participated in the battle of Rhode Island and received the thanks of the General Assembly "for the great fidelity and ability with which he discharged his military duties." He was also a captain in the ill-fated Expedition to Quebec, through the wilds of Maine, under command of General Benedict Arnold and Colonel Christopher Greene of Rhode Island.

When a young man Mr. Topham started out in life opening a grocery store at the corner of Bridge and Thames streets. After awhile he gave up this occupation and devoted the latter years of his life to the insurance business, being agent for the Sun Fire Insurance Company of London.

For ten years he was trial justice of the justice court, holding this position from 1889 to 1879, when the district court was instituted. He was official clerk of the supreme and superior courts of Newport county for a long period and held the latter position until the present session of the court. In 1870 he was appointed assessor of taxes, and served in that capacity for 22 years, retiring in 1902. He was also coroner for a number of years. He was a member of the Rhode Island Society, Sons of the Revolution.

Judge Topham was prominent in Masonic circles, having been a member of St. John's Lodge for 65 years, being admitted into that organization on March 24, 1845. In 1858 he was Worshipful Master and for about a quarter of a century was treasurer of this lodge, holding that position until about three years ago, when his advanced age made him resign. His retirement took place at a regular communication of the lodge, January 28, 1907, at which time he was presented with a past master's jewel. He was also a member of Washington Commandery, joining in 1851, and a member of the Scottish Rite Masons, having received the 32d degree nearly 50 years ago. His father, grandfather and great-grandfather were all Masons, having been members of St. John's Lodge. He was for a number of years a member of the Knights of Honor, being collector of the local lodge of that order for a time.

Mr. Topham was a man of sterling character and kindly disposed to all. He was quiet and unassuming, but had made friends in all walks of life and retained them. Despite his advancing years his death comes as a severe blow to his relatives and friends, and especially in his household, where he was so much to them—always the same pleasant father and companion, enjoying their pleasures as much as one would much younger in years. He was a regular attendant of the First Methodist Episcopal Church and was deeply interested in that organization. At the age of four years he attended the first session of the Sunday School in company with his oldest sister. He was a member of the Bradley Chapter of the Methodist Brotherhood and had missed few meetings since its organization some years ago.

Mr. Topham married in 1817 Miss Caroline Tuell of Newport. Rev. Samuel Adlam performing the ceremony. Five children were born to them, two of whom died when young, and three are living: Mrs. Joseph Fogarty of Seekonk, R. I., Mr. Theophilus Topham and Mrs. James R. Crowley.

Funeral services were held Friday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, and the funeral procession was escorted from the house to the church by Washington Commandery, headed by the Fort Adams Band, and St. John's Lodge, No. 1, A. F. & A. M. The church was filled with relatives and friends, who had gathered to pay their last tribute of respect to the memory of an old and dear friend. Rev. Joseph Cooper, pastor of the church, officiated, and spoke very touchingly on the life of the deceased. The commensal service was conducted in the church and the Masonic burial service was conducted at the grave by St. John's Lodge. The

honorary bearers were all Masons and life-long friends of the deceased: Mr. Ara Hildreth, representing St. John's Lodge; Hon. Robert S. Franklin, representing Washington Commandery, No. 4, K. T.; Mr. Thomas P. Peckham, president of the Sons of the Revolution, and Colonel Jere W. Horton, representing Bradley Chapter of the Methodist Brotherhood.

The Masonic quartette, composed of Dr. H. H. Luther and Messrs. Nelson R. Doby, Melzar W. Bassford and Harry W. Scoville, sang "Abide With Me," "Lead, Kindly Light" and "Nearer, My God, to Thee," favorite hymns of the deceased. There were many beautiful floral offerings. The interment was in the Island Cemetery.

Attempted Suicide.

Sunday, a sailor, giving his name as G. B. Brown, went to the United States Hotel and hired a room, saying he would return later with a companion. This he did. Monday morning his companion came down into the office and waited around for Brown to join him, but when he failed to show up the man went off, apparently tired of waiting. In the afternoon the porter went to the room and knocked at the door. Hearing no response he became anxious and forced the door open, finding Brown lying on the bed unconscious. One of the gas cocks was open, the windows closed and a mat placed against the door.

A doctor was called and after working for some time over the man was unable to bring him out of the effects of the gas. The Training Station ambulance was sent for and he was conveyed to the naval hospital, where he remained in an unconscious condition. There was a slight injury to the brain, which necessitated an operation. He died at an early hour Thursday morning and the body was shipped to his home at Centre Point, Ind., accompanied by his brother, who arrived here a few days ago, on receiving orders from the Navy Department of the affair. The brother states that the young man was injured by being kicked on the head during a football game at Portsmouth, N. H., a short time ago. This explains the cause of the accident, for so far as was known there was no reason for his being despondent and taking his life.

The young man's name proved not to be Brown but Brewer. The theory that the young man who had roomed with him had knowledge of the affair is not entertained by those in a position to judge.

Change of Venue.

The Old Colony Street Railway Company on Monday, through its attorneys, Gardner, Pierce & Thornley, made a motion before the Superior Court in this city, asking for a change of venue in the damage suit brought against the company by the heirs of William Bailey of Middletown.

The railroad company was originally sued for \$10,000, the case growing out of an accident Mr. Bailey had while driving across the company's tracks in Middletown at the entrance of the Bailey estate. A jury in the Superior Court granted a verdict of \$9500, which was ruled as excessive and was cut to \$3000 on the order of Justice Baker. To this both sides took exceptions and a new trial was granted after the case had been taken to the Supreme Court. There were two motions in the case before Justice Brown at Newport Monday. Col. Harvey Baker, counsel for the plaintiffs, moved for an early assignment while the railroad moved to have the case tried outside of Newport county, claiming that it did not think a fair verdict could be obtained in Newport county. After listening to arguments of counsel Justice Brown decided to give the matter a further hearing to Providence to-day.

For Newport Harbor.

Of the money available for harbor improvement work in the Rhode Island and Massachusetts district, \$233,000 is to be devoted to the improvements for Newport harbor. The money is to be used for a further dredging of the inner basin and the cutting away of a sand bar which makes out from the southern end of Goat Island, long an obstacle to boatmen and the shippers of steamers that enter the harbor. The spit is marked with an electric beacon by the Lighthouse Board and the New England Navigation Company maintains a fog bell at the point for its own convenience. With this danger point removed the harbor will be a great deal more accessible from the south and less dangerous to the Fall River Line steamers and other craft.

Mr. Irving Watson, of Narragansett Pier, and for the past 20 years editor and proprietor of the Narragansett Herald, was in Newport the past week calling on his many friends here.

Wedding Bells.

Sanborn-Crandall.

A quiet and simple wedding took place at the home of Dr. and Mrs. John H. Sweet, on Spring street, Saturday evening when Miss Alta Harrison Crandall, a daughter of Mr. Charles Crandall, was married to Mr. Alvah Howard Sanborn, son of Senator and Mrs. John P. Sanborn. The bride wore a dress of white and carried a shower bouquet of bride roses, tied with white satin ribbon. She had as matron of honor her sister, Mrs. Joseph W. Albino, who wore a tan colored silk dress and carried a bouquet of daybreak carnations tied with pink ribbon. Mr. Albert S. Howard, brother-in-law of the groom, acted as best man. Rev. Nathaniel J. Sprout, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, performed the ceremony, which was witnessed by relatives and a few intimate friends.

A reception and collation followed the ceremony. The bride received many pretty gifts. Her travelling dress was of gray and she wore a large black hat.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanborn left on the 9:18 train on their honeymoon and were given a rousing send-off. They are at Wolfboro, N. H., and on their return will reside with the groom's parents, on Broadway.

Smith-Schleith.

Miss Olivia W. Schleith, daughter of Mr. Jacob Schleith, and Mr. John Henry Smith were married at St. John's Church Monday noon at half past 12. The ceremony, which was witnessed by relatives and intimate friends, was performed by Rev. Charles F. Beattie, rector of the church. The bride entered the church resting on the arm of her father, who gave her away. She wore a travelling suit of Alice blue with hat to match. She was attended by her cousin, Miss Martha L. Schleith, who wore a dress of gray and a hat trimmed with blue. The duties of best man were performed by Mr. James S. Groff. There was no reception, but the bride received many pretty gifts. Mr. and Mrs. Smith left on the steamer General at 1 o'clock, en route to New York and Washington. On their return they will reside with the groom's mother on Elwood Place.

Mr. Otto James, organist of the church, played the wedding marches as the bridal party entered and left the church.

Commandery Outing.

Washington Commandery, No. 4, Knights Templars, 40 strong, Em. Sir Clark Burdick, commanding, left Thursday afternoon on a four days' outing, which includes visits to Boston, Albany and New York. There were 21 ladies in the party, which left on the 3:02 train for Boston. They were accompanied to the station by the Seventh Artillery Band. Thursday night was spent at the Brunswick Hotel in Boston. Friday morning they left by special cars for Albany, N. Y., where they were entertained by Temple Commandery of Albany. In the afternoon automobiles were in waiting and they were given a delightful ride to all the interesting places. In the evening the ladies were entertained at the theatre and a banquet tendered the Sir Knights by the Commandery. Today they are enjoying the magnificent fall down the Hudson river and this evening they are entertained by York Commandery. Sunday afternoon at 5 o'clock they start for home on steamer Commonwealth, arriving here Monday morning.

The cottage on Friendship street, occupied by Mrs. Theodore Wittig, wife of Chief Quartermaster Wittig, of the U. S. Navy, formerly attached to the Training Station, but now doing sea duty, was entered and ransacked during Mrs. Wittig's visit to New York and the fruit trees and grape vines in the yard were stripped of their fruit. The hedges about the place were also destroyed and much damage done to the property. It is believed to be the work of boys, both large and small. On Mrs. Wittig's arrival home Tuesday morning she reported the matter to the police.

The fifth in the series of free organ recitals took place at St. John's Church Monday afternoon, when the organist, Mr. Otto James, was assisted by Mrs. Sarah Bailey King. It proved one of the most enjoyable recitals of the series and was listened to by a large gathering of lovers of good music. Mr. James deserves much credit for furnishing these free recitals for the public to attend. The next one will take place Monday, November 7th.

Mrs. Frederick Hummel held the lucky number on the piano at Keeney & Smith's, which was drawn last Saturday night.

The new motor boat for the Torpedo Station was launched at Long wharf Monday afternoon. It weighs 11,000 pounds.

Recent Deaths.

Mrs. William S. Vose.

Mrs. Esther Grant Vose, wife of Mr. William S. Vose, died at her residence on Bath road Sunday morning after an illness of considerable duration. A little over a year ago Mrs. Vose underwent an operation at the Newport Hospital and her health was very much improved for a while. Last winter her health began to fail again and since that time she has gradually grown worse. During her long illness she was a patient sufferer, having been confined to the house since last February. She was a member of Trinity Church and was a regular attendant as long as she was able.

Besides her husband, one daughter, Miss Lizette G. Vose, survives her.

Funeral services were held from her late residence on Bath road Tuesday afternoon, and were of a very simple nature, there being no music and no bearers. Rev. Stanley O. Hughes, rector of Trinity Church, officiated. There was a large gathering of relatives and friends and many beautiful floral offerings. The interment, which was private, was in the Island cemetery.

Mrs. George W. Swinburne.

Mrs. Martha Carr Swinburne, widow of Mr. George W. Swinburne, died at the home of the Misses Haunmet, on School street, Monday evening, where she had been spending the summer months. Saturday of last week, she returned from a month's vacation spent in East Wakefield, N. H., and while there she was injured by a fall, but her relatives did not think that any serious results would take place. She appeared to be in excellent health, but on Sunday she suffered an affection of the heart and failed steadily until the end came.

Mrs. Swinburne was a daughter of the late Benjamin and Mary Eldred Mumford and practically all her life was spent here. She had been a member of the Second Baptist Church for many years and was an active worker in that church. She was a member of the board of managers of the Townsend Aid for the Aged and the Dorcas Society; also for a number of years an active member of the board of directresses of the Home for Friendless Children.

Mrs. Swinburne was a woman of exemplary character and her life was full of good works, being very charitable to all.

Since the death of her husband in 1902 she and her daughter, Miss Susan P. Swinburne, have made their home together in the house they lived in so many years on Broadway.

Five children survive her: Mr. George W. Swinburne, Jr., of East Orange, N. J.; Mrs. Edwin P. Robinson; Miss Susan P. Swinburne and Messrs. John H. and James G. Swinburne; also two sisters, Mrs. Elizabeth R. Sterne, who has been for many years a teacher in the public schools, and Mrs. A. H. Bacon, of Detroit, Michigan.

The funeral took place from her late residence on Broadway Thursday afternoon and was largely attended. Rev. George W. Quick, pastor of the Second Baptist Church, officiated. There were no bearers and the interment was in the Island Cemetery.

Chaplain and Mrs. William Gilbert Cascard have issued invitations for the marriage of their daughter, Miss Mary Emily, to Aeselaus Paymaster Dallas Baché Wainwright, Jr., U. S. N., on Saturday morning, October 22, at 10 o'clock, at St. Paul's Church, Prime Fredericktown, Maryland.

Colonel J. W. Horton completed 40 years as superintendent of the First Methodist Episcopal Sunday School last Sunday and he was presented with 40 pins by the pastor, Rev. Joseph Cooper, in behalf of the school, in recognition of his faithful services during all these years.

Rev. James De Wolf Perry, Jr., bishop-elect of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Rhode Island, has signified his intentions of remaining with his present parish at New Haven, Conn., until mid-winter.

Messrs. Robert S. Franklin, John M. Taylor and Andrew K. McMahon were in Providence Tuesday inspecting the management of the Swan Point cemetery.

Lieutenant Hugh L. Willoughby has made several short flights in his new biplane, the Warhawk, near Atlantic City.

Miss Anna R. Frisch is enjoying her vacation, which she is spending with friends in New York and New Jersey.

Judge and Mrs. John Clinton Gray have arrived in New York, after spending the summer abroad.

Mr. William O. Schwarz recently completed his thirtieth year as sexton of Trinity Church.

Alderman William Shepley is acting Mayor during Mayor Boyle's absence from the city.

Superior Court.

The superior court opened its October session Monday morning.

The case of Underwood vs. Old Colony Street Railway Company will be heard in Providence today.

In the Batouly case, which has been on trial for some time, there was considerable argument by the counsel as well as by the plaintiff, and the case was finally set for trial for first Monday in December, at which time Mr. Batouly was warned to be ready and on hand.

Tuesday morning there were two divorce cases granted, both being charged to non-support. They were Mary Louis Souza Franco vs. Adolphus Franco and Mary A. Bourne vs. Andrew S. Bourne.

The case of Narragansett Real Estate Company vs. Judson O. MacKenzie et alios is one of trespass and ejectment. Plaintiff owns all the land in the vicinity of the water at Little Compton and the defendants rely on a lease to Mackenzie and Winslow, from the town, which claims under a grant from William Rotch, away back in 1700. This occupied much time during the week and no decision was rendered before adjournment Friday.

The superior court adjourned at noon Friday to allow the court officials and all others who desired to do so to attend the funeral of Judge Topham.

St. Barnabas' Guild.

Mrs. Edith M. Tilley, secretary of the Newport branch of St. Barnabas' Guild for Nurses, and Miss Elizabeth B. Smith, delegate, have just returned from Pittsburg, Pa., where they have been in attendance on the General Council of the Guild throughout the United States. Delegates were present from Maine to California. They were handsomely entertained while in Pittsburg. The Chaplain General of the Guild is Bishop Whitehead of Pittsburg, who was very active in the entertainment of delegates. The members from Newport arrived home Thursday morning.

The appointment of Major Herbert Bliss of Newport, representing Capron Camp of Providence, and Chief Boatswain Christopher Cooper, U. S. N., representing Thomas Camp, U. S. N., of Newport, as aides-de-camp on the staff of Department Commander Charles W. Abbott, Jr., United Spanish War Veterans, has been announced by Mr. Abbott and Messrs. Marshall W. Hall and Herbert Bliss have been appointed members of the committee on legislation.

Mrs. Frederick P. Blint and her little daughter, Elizabeth Caroline Blint, arrived in Newport on Thursday, having been called here by the death of her grandfather, Mr. James G. Topham. Mr. Blint arrived Friday morning and with his family are guests of Mrs. Blint's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Theophilus Topham, on Wesley street.

Mr. Frederick B. Nason has received from Captain J. M. Bowyer, U. S. N., a sharpshooter's medal, with expert rifleman's bar, which had been awarded to his son, the late Midshipman Sherman B. Nason, for skill in small arms. Accompanying the medal was a letter from the Navy Department.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold A. Sands have returned from their honeymoon trip which was spent abroad and were guests of Mrs. Sands, parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Franklin McFadden, at Rosemont, Pa., on their arrival home. They are now spending some days in this city with relatives and friends.

Colonel A. K. McMahon, superintendent of the Island Cemetery, will leave here Sunday night to attend the National Congress of the Association of American Cemetery Superintendents which meets in Chattanooga, Tenn., on October 12th to 14th.

Miss Edith May Tilley has been elected librarian of the Newport Historical Society, to succeed her father, the late R. Hammett Tilley. Benjamin Tidball has been elected janitor of the building.

A still was run in Wednesday morning and Chemical I proceeded to the home of Mrs. Lydia Mickler on Ayrault street, where a kerosene stove was the cause of some damage being done.

Miss Isadore Lull has returned from Weare, N. H., where she has been spending the summer, and is guest of Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Barker.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lyons, of Providence, spent a few days in Newport, guests of Dr. and Mrs. John H. Sweet, Jr., on Spring street.

A large number of people from Newport have been in Brockton this week attending the fair.

Mr. Reginald C. Vanderbilt is improving from his illness and is able to sit up.

GOOSE

CHAPTER XVI.
TWIN LOCKETS.

CARMICHAEL tramped about his room restless, uneasy, starting at sounds. He was waiting for Grumbach and his confederates. Anything but this suspense. A full day! And deeper, fiercer, became his belief and conviction that Grumbach's affair vitally concerned her highness. He welcomed the knock on his door. Grumbach came in carrying under his arm a small bundle.

"Where are your companions?"
"They are waiting outside."
"The duke agrees," went on Carmichael. "He will give us an audience at 8:30."

"Did you mention my name?"
"No. I went roundabout. I also obtained his promise to say nothing to Herbeck till the interview was over."
Grumbach spread out on the bed the contents of the bundle.

"Look at these and tell me what you see, captain."
Carmichael inspected the little yellow shoes. He turned them over and over in his hand. He shook out the fold of the little cloak and the locket fell on the bed.

"When did you get this?" he cried excitedly. "It is her highness!"
"So it is, captain, but I have carried it about me all these years."
"What?"

"Yes, captain. Count von Herbeck is a great statesman, but he made a terrible mistake this time. Listen. As sure as we are in this room together I believe that she whom we call the princess is not the daughter of the grand duke."

Carmichael sat down on the edge of the bed numb and without any clear idea where he was. Free! If she was not a princess she was free, free!

The duke allowed the quartet to remain standing for some time. He stood up and down before them, his eyes straining at the door, his hands behind his back.

"I do not recognize any of these persons," he said to Carmichael.

"Your highness does not recognize me, then?" asked the clock mender.

"Come closer," commanded the duke. The clock mender obeyed. "Take off those spectacles." The duke scanned the features, and over his own came the dawn of recollection. "Your eyes, your nose—Arnsberg, here and alive? Oh, this is too good to be true!" The duke reached out toward the bell, but Carmichael interposed.

"Your highness will remember," he warned.

"What! So you have trapped me blindfold? I begin to understand. Who is this fellow Grumbach? Did I offer immunity to him?"

"I am Hans Breunner, highness, and I ask for nothing."

"Breunner! Breunner! Hans Breunner, brother of Hermann! And you put yourself into my hands?" The tone developed into a suppressed roar. The duke took hold of Hans by the shoulders and drew him close. "You dare! So you ask for nothing? It shall be given to you. Tomorrow morning I shall have you shot! Hans Breunner! God is good to me this night! Thanks, Herr Carmichael, a thousand thanks! And I need not ask who that damnable scoundrel is who has the black face and heart of a gypsy!"

"Your highness," said Von Arnsberg quietly, "all I have left in the world are these two withered hands, and may God cut them off if they ever wronged you in any act. I am innocent. Those letters purporting to have been written by me were forgeries. Tonight I shall leave this palace a free man, and you shall ask pardon for the wrong you have done me."

There was no fear in the voice. The duke glared at the speaker soberly, recalling what Herbeck had often said. "What you say still remains to be proved. Now, what is at the bottom of all this?" was the demand.

Hans crossed the room to the duke's desk and spread out his treasures under the flickering candlelight. The duke, with a cry of terror, sprang toward the secret drawer. His first thought was that the shoes and cloak, upon which only his eyes ever rested now, had been stolen. Nothing was missing. He was overwhelmed, but he steadied himself. He came back to the desk and fingered the locket. The duke opened the locket, looked long and steadfastly at the portrait and shut it. Then he went to the drawer again and returned with the counterpane. He laid them side by side. The likeness was perfect in all details.

"Carmichael," he said, "will you please help me? Do I see these things or do I not? And if I do which is mine, and what does this signify?"

Grumbach answered: "This, highness, I took these from the little princess with my own hands. They have never been out of my keeping. Those you have I know nothing about."

The duke rubbed his eyes. "My daughter?"

"The Princess Hildegard is not your daughter, highness," said Hans.

"Gott! The duke smote the desk in despair. "Herbeck! I must feed for Herbeck!"

"Not yet, highness; later!"

"But if not Hildegard— I believe I must be growing mad!"

"Patience, your highness," said Carmichael.

"Patience!" wearily. "You say patience when my heart is dying inside my breast! Patience! Who, then, is this woman I have called my child?"

"God knows, highness!" Hans stood bowed before this parental agony.

"But what proof have you that she is not? What proof, I say?"

"Would there be two lockets, highness?"

"More proof than this will be needed, Produce it!"



By HAROLD MacGRATH

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"Speak," said Hans to the gypsy.

"Highness," said the gypsy, bowing, "he speaks truly. He came with us. For fear that the little highness might be recognized as we traveled, we changed her clothes. He took them, together with the locket. One day the soldiers appeared in the distance. We all fled. We lost the little highness, and none of us ever knew what became of her. She wore the costume of my own children."

"We shall produce that in time," said Von Arnsberg.

"Damnable wretch!" said the duke, addressing the gypsy.

The other shrugged. He had been promised immunity. That was all he cared about unless it was the bag of silver and gold this old clock mender had given him a few hours gone.

"I am summoning her highness," said the duke as he struck the bell.

"And, highness," added Grumbach, "dispatch some one for Gretchen, who lives at 40 the Krumerweg."

"The goose girl? What does she know? Ah, I remember. She is even now with her highness. I shall send for them both."

Gretchen? Carmichael's bewilderment increased. What place had the goose girl in this tragedy?

"Now, while we are waiting," resumed the duke, his agitation somewhat under control, "the proof, the definite proof!"

"Her highness stumbled one night," said Hans, "and fell upon the fire. I snatched her back, but before her left arm was badly burned."

The gypsy nodded. "I saw it, highness."

And that was why Grumbach went to the military hall with opera glasses! Carmichael was round-eyed. But Gretchen?

"The Princess Hildegard has no scar upon either arm," continued Grumbach. "I have seen them. They are without a single flaw."

"More than that," reiterated the duke. "That is not enough."

"They became silent. Now and then one or the other stirred. The duke never took his eyes off the door through which her highness would enter."

Hildegard came in presently, tender with mercy, an arm supporting Gretchen, who was red-eyed and white.

"You sent for us, father?"

How the word pierced the duke's heart! "Yes, my child," he answered, for, it mattered not who she was, he had grown to love her.

"I am sorry you sent for Gretchen," said Hildegard. "She is ill."

Gretchen sighed. To her the faces of the men were indistinct, and besides, she was without interest, listless, drooped.

"My child, will you roll up your left sleeve?" said the duke.

"My sleeve!" Hildegard thoughtfully looked around.

"I cannot roll up this sleeve, father," blushing and a trifle angry at so strange a request.

Hans opened his knife and laid bare her left arm. She tried to cover the arm.

"Let me look at it, Hildegard," requested the duke. To him she presented her arm. But there was neither mole nor scar upon the round and lovely arm.

"Why do you do this, father?"

No answer. Hans unceremoniously ripped open Gretchen's left sleeve. The ragged scar was visible to them all. And while they grouped around the astonished goose girl they heard her highness cry out with surprise.

"What is this?" she said, pointing to the two pairs of shoes and the two cloaks. She held up the locket, the twin of which hung around her neck.

"Where did these come from?"

"My child," the duke answered, unashamed of his tears, "only God knows as yet what it means. But the outward sign testifies to a strange and horrible blunder. The locket you hold in your hand was taken from you when you were an infant. The one you wear around your neck is, according to the statement of one of these men, not genuine."

"And the significance?" She grew tall, and the torn sleeve fell away from her arm.

"I know you to be brave. Strengthen your heart then. These men say that you are not my daughter."

"And that Gretchen is?" spoke Hans.

"If?" Gretchen drew closer to Hildegard.

The duke studied the portrait of the mother and then the faces of these two girls. Both possessed a resemblance, only it seemed to him that the one was

nearest to the portrait and Hildegard nearest to the doubt.

"You say she wore the costume of a gypsy child when you lost her?" said the duke.

"Yes." Von Arnsberg took from under his coat a small bundle, which he opened with shaking fingers. He had been in the Krumerweg that afternoon.

"Why, those are mine!" exclaimed Gretchen excitedly.

"You see?" said Von Arnsberg. "Would you not like to be a princess, Gretchen?"

A princess! Gretchen's heart fluttered. A princess! She laid her head on Hildegard's shoulder. She was weak, and this was some dream.

"But who, then, am I?" asked Hildegard.

"Tell what you know," said Hans to the gypsy. "Highness, he alone knows the man who brought about all this."

"The architect of this damnable conspiracy?" The duke's eyes became alive, his face, his whole body. Every beat of his heart cried out for vengeance.

"Who is he? Tell me! Give him to me, quick, and all of you shall go free. Give him into these hands. His name!" The duke's hands worked convulsively as if they were already round the throat of this unseen, implacable enemy. He was terrible in this moment.

The gypsy produced a letter. It had to be held carefully, as it was old and tattered. The duke read it. Beyond that it made the original offer it was worthless. The handwriting was palpably disguised. The duke dug the missive to the door.

"Fool! Is that all you have? Tell me what you know, man, or I shall have you shot in the morning, immutably or no immunity! Quick!"

"Highness," said the gypsy, thoroughly alarmed, "this is how it happened. My hand was staying at the time in Dreilberg. We told fortunes and exhibited an Italian puppet show. The letter came first. I was poor and sometimes desperate. I was to take her away and leave her with strange people."

"Ah!" interrupted the duke, with a despairing gesture toward Grumbach. "Why did you not leave us all in peace?"

"Highness, a great wrong has been done, and God brought me here to right it."

"You are a brave man," darkly.

"I am in your hands, highness," sturdily. "In a mild moment I committed a crime. I would not accept till I had talked personally with him. He came at last. His face was hidden and his voice muffled. But this I saw—when he gave me the first half of the money I was certain I should know him again."

"How?"

"By his little finger, highness."

"His little finger?" Von Arnsberg repeated.

The two women, large-eyed and bewildered, clung to each other's hand tensely. These were heartbreaking times. Gretchen's mind, however, absorbed nothing, neither the words nor the picture. Her thoughts revolved around one thing—it she were a princess she could be happy. But the other, from under whose feet all tangible substances seemed to be giving way, she was possessed by two thoughts which surged in her brain like combatants. If not a princess, what was she? If not a princess, she was free. She stole a swift glance at Carmichael, who seemed far removed from the heart of this black business, and had been looking at her he would have seen the gates opening into Eden.

"What was this little finger like?" asked the duke, shuddering.

"One time it had been cut or mangled."

"The man was tall?"

"Yes, highness."

The duke silently took the little yellow shoes. Suddenly he laughed, but it was the terrible laughter of a madman.

"Come, all— you, Gretchen, and you, Hildegard; come, Carmichael, and you, Arnsberg, all of you! Let us go and pay a visit to our good friend Herbeck."

CHAPTER XVII.
A LITTLE FINGER.

THE king of Jugendheim, Prince Ludwig and the chancellor sat in the form of a triangle. Herbeck was making a pyramid of his finger tips, sometimes touching his chin with his thumbs. His face was cheerful.

His royal highness, still in the guise of a mountaineer, sat stilly in his chair, the expression on his face hardly translatable; that on the king's not at all. He was dressed in the brilliant uniform of a colonel in the Prussian uhlands, an honor conferred upon him recently by King William. Prior to his advent into the grand duchy of Ehrenstein he had been to Berlin. A whim for which he was now grateful had cozened him into carrying this uniform along with him on his adventures. It was only after he met Gretchen that there came moments when he forgot he was a king. He was pale. From hour to hour his heart seemed to grow colder and smaller and harder, till it now rested in his breast with the heaviness of a stone, out of which life and the care of living had been squeezed. He rarely spoke, leaving the burden of the conversation to rest upon his uncle's tongue.

"So your royal highness will understand," said Herbeck, "that it was the simplest move I could make and I so fast. Were it known or had it been known this morning that the king of Jugendheim and the prince regent had entered Dreilberg in disguise and had been lodged in the Stedenschloss, there would have been a serious riot in the city. So I had you arrested as spies. Presently a closed carriage will convey you to the frontier and the unfortunate incident will be ended. And when you cross the frontier it would be wise to disperse the troops waiting there for you."

Prince Ludwig smiled. "It was only an army of defense. The duke had nearly 20,000 men at the maneuvers. I have no desire for war; but, on the other hand, I am always ready for it."

"There will never be any war between us," propheticly. "The duke grows impatient at times, but I can always rouse his sense of justice. You will, of course, pardon the move I made. There will be no publicity. There will be no newspaper notoriety, for the journalists will know nothing of what has really happened."

"For that consideration your excellency has my deepest thanks," replied Prince Ludwig.

"I thought it best to let you go without seeing the duke. The meeting between you two might be painful."

"That also is thoughtful of your excellency," said the king. "I have no desire to see or speak to his highness."

"There is, however, one favor I should like to ask," said the prince.

"Can I grant it?"

"Easily. I wish to leave a sum of money in trust to be paid to one Gretchen Schwarz, who lives in the Krumerweg. She is ambitious to become a singer. Let nothing stand between her and her desires."

"Granted."

The heart of the king at the sound of that dear name suddenly expanded and stilled him. The stiffness went out of his shoulders.

"Ah, this little world of ours! The mistakes and futile schemes we make upon it!" The chancellor, dalled with his quill pen. "It was a cynical move of fate that your majesty should see the goose girl first."

"Enough!" cried the king vehemently. "Let us have no more retrospection, if you please. Moreover, I shall be obliged to you if you will summon at once the carriage which is to take us to the frontier. The situation has been unpleasantly and satisfactorily explained. I see no reason why we should be detained any longer."

"Nor I," added Prince Ludwig. "I am rather weary of these tatters. I should even like a bath."

The three of them were immediately attracted by a singular noise in the corridor. The door swung in violently, crashing against the wall and shivering into atoms the Venetian mirror. The king, the prince and the chancellor were instantly upon their feet. The king clutched the back of his chair with a grip of iron. Gretchen? Her highness? What was Gretchen doing here? Ah, could he have known!

The duke came in first, and he waited till the others were inside. Then he shut the door with lesser violence and rushed over to the chancellor.

"Herbeck, you villain!"

The chancellor stared at the gypsy. At Von Arnsberg, at Grumbach.

"Herbeck, you black scoundrel!" cried the duke. "Can you realize how difficult it is not to take you by the throat and strangle you here and now?"

"He is mad!" said Herbeck, bracing himself against the desk.

"Yes. I am mad, but it is the sane madness of a terribly wronged man. Come here, you gypsy!" The duke seized Herbeck's hand and pressed it down fiercely on the desk. "Look at that and tell me if it is not the hand of a Judas!"

"That is the hand, highness," said the gypsy without hesitation.

The duke fung the hand aside. As he did so something snapped in Herbeck's brain, though at that instant he was not conscious of it.

"It was you— you! It was your hand that wrecked my life— yours! Ah, is there such villainy? Are such men born and do they live? My wife dead, my own heart broken, Arnsberg ruined and disgraced! And these two children, which is mine? Villain, what have you to say? What was your purpose?"

How many years, thought Herbeck, had he been preparing for this moment? How long had he been steeling his heart against this very scene? Futility dream! He drew himself together with a supreme effort. He would face this hour as he had always planned to face it. Found out! He looked at his finger, touched it with an impersonal curiosity. He had forgotten all about such a possibility. A little finger to have stopped the wheel of so great a scheme! Irony!

"Your highness," he said, his voice soft and strangely clear, "I have been waiting for this hour. So I am found out! How little we know what God intends!"

"You speak of God? You blaspheme!"

"Bear with me for a space. I shall not hold you long."

"But why? What have I done to you that you should wreck all I hold dear?"

Herbeck fumbled with his collar. "I have practically governed this country for sixteen years. In that time I have made it prosperous and happy. I have given you a substantial treasury. I have made you an army. I have brought peace where you would have brought war. To my people God will witness that I have done my duty as I saw it. One day I fell the victim of a mad dream. And to think that I almost won!"

"And I?" said Hildegard, her hands clinched and pressed against her bosom. "What have you done to me, who am innocent of any wrong? What have you done to me?"

"You, my child? I have wronged you greatest of all. The wrong I have done to you is irreparable. Ah, have not my arms hungered for the touch of you, my heart ached for the longing of you? To see you day after day, always humble before you, always

and to kiss the back of your hand!

"Gretchen!" murmured the king, hours to get your things in order. Tomorrow you will be judged and condemned. But you, Hildegard!"

"No, your highness; we shall both take the train for Paris. Gretchen, you will be happy."

Gretchen ran and flung herself into Hildegard's arms, and the two of them wept. Hildegard pushed Gretchen away gently.

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE

THE MAN WAS TALL?

"The man was tall?"

"The man was tall?"

"The man was tall?"

"The man was tall?"

"The man was tall?"

"The man was tall?"

"The man was tall?"

"The man was tall?"

"The man was tall?"

"The man was tall?"

"The man was tall?"

"The man was tall?"

"The man was tall?"

"The man was tall?"

Have I not lived to tell, your highness?" turning to the duke.

"What am I, and who am I?" whispered Hildegard, her heart almost ceasing to beat.

"I am your father!"

The Grand Duke of Ehrenstein beheld the chancellor with that phase of astonishment which leaves the mind unclouded. What a project! What a mind to conceive it, to perfect it down to so small a detail as a jeweler's mark in the gold of the locket! And a little finger to betray it. In a flash he saw vividly all this man had undergone day by day, unflinching, unhesitant, forgetting nothing, remembering everything but the one insignificant item which was to overthrow him.

Prince Ludwig took off his hat. "Herbeck, you are a great politician."

"No, prince," replied Herbeck with unaffected sadness. "Had I been a great politician I should have succeeded. Ah, give this to my merit; self never entered into this dream. It was all done for my child."

Hildegard did not move, nor had she moved since the revelation.

"Hildegard," said the duke, "you shall become my daughter, and you shall dwell here till the end of your days. I will try to right the wrong that has been done to you."

"No, your highness," she replied. "There is but one place for me, and that is at my father's side." And resolutely she walked to the chancellor's left, and her hand stole down and met his arm. "My father, I forgive you," she said, with quiet dignity.

"You forgive me?" The chancellor could not believe his ears.

"Yes, father."

Then, recalling all the child hunger in his arms and heart, he swept her to his breast convulsively, and the unlooked tears dropped upon her bright head.

"And who am I?" said Gretchen.

"Breunner, you say this little goose girl is my daughter?"

"I solemnly swear it, highness. Look into her face again carefully."

The duke did so, a hand on either cheek. He scrutinized every contour, the color of the eyes, the low, broad brow, the curve of the chin. Out of the past he conjured up the mother's face. Yes, beyond any doubt there was a haunting likeness, and he had never noted it before.

"But who will prove it to the world?" he cried hopelessly, still holding Gretchen's wondering face between his hands.

"I shall prove it," said the king.

"You? And how?"

"I shall marry Gretchen. I shall make her a queen. That will be proof enough."

"A fine stroke, nephew; a bold stroke!" Prince Ludwig laid his hand upon the king's shoulder with rare affection.

"If you accept her without further proof I, her father, can do no less." And the duke led her over to the king, gravely joining their hands.

"Gretchen!" murmured the king. "I do not know how to act like a princess."

"I shall teach you."

Gretchen laid her head on his breast. She was very tired and much bewildered.

The duke paced the length of the cabinet several times. No one interrupted his meditation. Back and forth, one hand hanging to the opposite shoulder, the other folding over his chin. Then he paused with abruptness.

"Your majesty," said the grand duke, "I regret that your father is not alive to accept my apologies for so basely misjudging him. Arnsberg, nothing that I can do will restore these wasted years. But I offer you the portfolio."

"I am only a broken man, your highness— too old."

"It is my will."

"As for you," said the duke to the gypsy, "go, and if you ever step this side of the frontier again you will be shot out of hand." He stopped again in front of Grumbach. "I promised to have you shot in the morning. That promise holds. But a train leaves for Paris a little after midnight. My advice is for you not to miss it."

"And my father, your highness?" said Hildegard bravely.

"Herbeck, your estates are confiscated; your name is struck from the civic and military lists. Have you any ready funds?"

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Old Colony Street Railway Co.

Newport & Fall River Time Table.

In effect July 1, 1910. Subject to change without notice. Leave City Hall, Newport, for City Hall, Fall River, via Middleboro, Portsmouth and Tiverton, week days 6.50 a. m., then every thirty minutes, until 10.30 p. m., then 11.30 p. m.

Sundays, 7.00 a. m., then every 30 minutes until 10.30 p. m., then 11.30 p. m. Returning, leave City Hall, Fall River, for City Hall, Newport, 5.30 a. m., then every thirty minutes until 11.30 p. m.

Sundays 6.50 a. m., the same as week days.

NEWPORT CITY CARS

Change of time June 13, 1910.

Leave One Mile Corner for Morton Park 6.00, 6.10, 6.20 a. m., and 10.30, 10.40 and 11.00 p. m. Sundays 6.50 a. m. Then same as week days.

Leave Morton Park for One Mile Corner 6.22 and 6.30 a. m., and 10.52, 11.02 and 11.22 p. m. Sundays 10.52, 11.02 and 11.22 p. m. Then same as week days.

Leave One Mile Corner for the Beach 6.50 a. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 10.50 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for Beach 6.50 a. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 11.30 p. m. Sundays 7.15 a. m., and then same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for Morton Park 6.15 a. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 11.30 p. m. Sundays 6.50 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Morton Park for Franklin Street 6.22 a. m., and every 15 minutes until and including 11.22 p. m. Sundays 6.50 a. m., then same as week days.

Subject to change without notice. GEORGE F. SEIBEL, General Superintendent. C. L. DISBREE, Division Superintendent.

New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad.

Time table showing local and through train service between all stations may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.

Time Table in Effect Oct. 8, 1910. Leave Newport for Fall River, Taunton and Boston week days, 6.45, 8.00, 9.20, 11.00 a. m., 1.00, 3.00, 5.15, 7.00, 8.00, 11.00 p. m. Sundays 6.45, 8.15, 9.15 p. m. Middleboro and Portsmouth—6.47, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.15, 7.02, 8.02, 11.02 p. m. Providence—6.47, 8.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.15, 7.02, 8.02, 11.02 p. m. New Bedford—6.47, 8.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.15, 7.02, 8.02, 11.02 p. m. Providence (via Fall River)—6.47, 8.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.15, 7.02, 8.02, 11.02 p. m. R. R. POLLOCK, Gen'l Supt. Gen'l Pass. Agt.

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ALL PERSONS, desirous of having water introduced into their residence of Fall River, should make application at the office of the Water Board, 100 State Street, New Bedford.

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WM. S. SLOCUM, Treasurer.

THE GOOSE GIRL.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO

"Come, father; we have so little time."

And this was the sum of the duke's revenge.

It never took Carmichael long to make up his mind definitely. He found his old friend the captain in the Plaza, and they drove like mad to the consulate. An hour here sufficed to close his diplomatic career and seal it hermetically. The clerk, however, would go on like Tenyson's brook, forever and forever. Next he went to the residence of his banker in the Konigsstrasse and got together all his available funds.

Eleven o'clock found Carmichael in his rooms at the Grand hotel, feverishly packing his trunk and bag. Paris! He would go also even if they passed on to the remote ends of the world.

The train stood waiting in the gloomy Bahnhof. The guards patrolled the platform. Presently three men came out of the station door. Two were officers. The third, Colonel von Wallenstein, was in civilian dress. He was sullen and depressed.

Said one of the officers: "And it is the express command of General Duvitz that you will return here under the pain of death. Is that explicit?"

"It is." The colonel got into his compartment and slammed the door violently.

In the next compartment sat Grunbach. He was smoking his faithful pipe. He was sullen and content. This was far more satisfactory than standing up before the firing line, and, besides, he had made history in Ebreusfeld that night. They would not forget the name of Breunner right away.

To America with a clean slate and a respectful conscience—it was more than he had any reasonable right to expect. Tekini! He laughed sardonically. She was no doubt sound asleep by this time, and the end of the chapter would never be written for her. What fools these young men—a courtship—did these not always follow at the heels of women?

As the station master's bell rang the door opened and a man jumped in. He tossed his bag into the corner and plumped down in the seat.

"Captain?"

"Yes, Hans?"

"I am weary of Drelberg, so I am taking a little vacation."

"For how long?" suspiciously.

"Oh, for ever so long!" evasively.

Hans said nothing more. He was full of wisdom. He had an idea. The fleeing chancellor and his daughter were on the train, and he was certain that his friend Carmichael knew it.

By the aid of certain small bribes on the train and in Paris Carmichael gathered bit by bit that the destination of the woman he loved was America. But never once did he set eyes upon her till she and her father mounted the gangplank to the vessel which was to carry them across the wide Atlantic.

The change in Herbeck was pitiable. His face had aged twenty years in these sixty odd hours. His clothes, the same he had worn that ever memorable night, hung loosely about his gaunt frame, and there was a vacancy in his eyes which was eloquent of mental collapse. Carmichael abided his time.

A French newspaper contained a full account of Herbeck's coup and his subsequent flight. It also recounted the excitement of the following day, the appearance of Gretchen on the steps of the palace and the great shouting of the people as they acclaimed her the queen of Jugendheft.

The second day out Carmichael's first opportunity came. He discovered Herbeck and his daughter leaning against the rail. He watched them uneasily, wondering how he might approach without startling her. At last he eyed up his courage.

"Good morning, your highness," he stammered, and inwardly cursed his stupidity.

At the sound of his voice she turned, and there was no mistaking the gladness in her eyes.

"Mr. Carmichael!"

"Yes. I was surprised to learn that you were taking the same boat as myself."

How clumsy he was, she thought. For she had known his every move since the train drew out of Drelberg.

"Father, here is our friend, Herr Carmichael."

"Carmichael?" said Herbeck slowly. "Ah, yes. Good morning."

And Carmichael instantly comprehended that his name recalled nothing to the other man's remembrance.

"You are returning to America?" she asked.

"For good, perhaps. To tell the truth, I ran away, deserted my post, though technically I have already resigned. But America has been calling me for some days. You have never been to sea before?"

"No; it is all marvelous and strange to me."

"Let us walk, my child," said Herbeck.

"You will excuse me, Mr. Carmichael?" she said. Never more the rides in the fair mornings; never more the beautiful gardens, the music, the galloping of soldiers who drew their sabers whenever they passed her. Never more any of these things.

"Can I be of any assistance?" he said to an undertone.

"No," sadly.

The days, more or less monotonous, went past. Sometimes he saw her alone on deck, but only for a little while. Her father was slowly improving, but with this improvement came the natural desire for seclusion. So he came on deck only at night.

The night on which the vessel bore into the moist, warm air of the gulf stream was full of moonshine. Herbeck had gone below. The girl leaned over the rail, alone and lonely. And Carmichael, seeing her, could no longer still the desire in his heart. He came up to her.

"See!" she exclaimed, pointing to the little eddies of foam speeding along the hull. "Do you know what they remind me of? Mermaids' fingers grasp-

ing and clutching at the boat as it drugs it down below."

"How beautiful she was with the frost of moonlight on her hair!"

"You must not talk like that," he admonished.

"I am very unhappy."

"And when you say that you make me so too."

"Why?" She had spoken the word at last.

"Do you remember the night you dropped your fan?" leaning so closely toward her that his arm pressed against hers.

"I remember."

"You put that word then. In honor I dared not answer. You were a princess! I was only a soldier of fortune. But now that you are in trouble, now that you have need of me, I may answer. I may tell you now why, why I have thrown ambition and future to the winds. Why I am here at your side to-night."

Need I tell you? Do you not know, and have you not known? Am I cruel to speak of love in the moment of your great affliction? Well, I must be cruel. I love you faithfully and loyally, now and hereafter, through this sad day into happier ones. I ask nothing for this love I offer. I ask only that I may use it in your service, in good times or bad."

"Ask what you will," she whispered. "I am happy now!"

THE END.

New York and the Surf.

Few New Yorkers ever stop to think that one of that city's chief attractions is the surf. Philadelphia must go fifty-six miles to the ocean. Though the folk of Baltimore and Washington live on tidewater, they must travel for surf bathing to the capes. Boston is the only other large town on the Atlantic seaboard besides New York that has the ocean at its back door. San Francisco and Los Angeles are the only Pacific coast cities within trolley ride of ocean beach. None of the Mexican gulf cities can be compared to New York as a seaside resort, and as to New Orleans, another Mecca of the pleasure seekers, that lies more than 100 miles above the mouth of the Mississippi. But, including Coney Island and Rockaway, a good many miles of Greater New York are bounded by the ocean. This fact, just to consider the money making side of it, means an enormous revenue to the metropolis from the inland parts of the country. It is an advantage other great world centers, such as London, Paris and Berlin, do not enjoy.—Argonaut.

The Short Step Between.

"I was on an ocean liner when she ran on the rocks off the English coast some years ago," said a traveling man, "and in the panic that ensued there is one incident that stands out in my memory, illustrating the slender thread between the tragic and the ridiculous. We had a fellow on board who had managed to keep pretty well loaded all the way across, and when we struck the rocks he was in his usual condition. When everybody thought for sure we were going to the bottom he sat down at the piano in the saloon, and what do you suppose he began playing? 'Home, Sweet Home.' Somebody went to him and begged him to stop. Immediately he switched off from the doleful strains of the old song to the rollicking melody of 'Down Went McGlaty.' The absurdity of the thing seemed to strike everybody at once, and a general laugh followed. The tension was relieved, and there was good order after that."

The Restaurant Piccolo.

Writing from Dresden, an American says: "There is at least one thing in a German restaurant for which one would look in vain in our country. That is the piccolo. You may think that I mean a musical instrument and that any orchestra in any country might have one of these, but you are wrong. My piccolo, the one at the restaurant, is a human being. He is a boy twelve to fifteen years old, who assists the regular waiters. He wears the regulation waiter's costume and looks funny in his spiketail coat. He is as solemn as a funeral, knows how to extract a tip and for the high privilege of retaining his place and taking his first degree as a waiter must endure much abuse at the hands of the head waiter and his underlings. He is a funny little fellow, this piccolo, who because of his appearance could never prosper in our country."—New York Tribune.

Among Those Present.

Commenting with light irony on the pretensions of a certain nouveau riche, a contributor to Paris Figaro questions whether men of this type are any slier than those of a past generation who belonged to well known families of long descent.

"There was one of the family of Croix," this contributor writes, "who was fond of showing off old paintings of Noah entering the ark and crying out: 'Sauvez les papiers de la maison de Croix!' (Save the records of the house of Croix!)"

Corrected His Error.

With the Germans the absentminded college professor is a stock source of vitticisms.

One of these deeply absorbed gentlemen, sitting on a rear seat, thought he knew a person sitting in front and was about to speak to him when the stranger by chance turning a little, the professor said that he was mistaken.

Nevertheless, touching him on the shoulder, he remarked politely: "You will excuse me, but you are not the person I thought you were."

Revenue Cutters.

Varied Duties of These Life Savers of the Seas.

No men in the employ of Uncle Sam render more efficient service than do those of the revenue cutter service. The term "revenue," which would indicate that their duties were restricted to those pertaining to the proper enforcement of the revenue laws, can give but a faint notion of the varied duties of this splendid corps of men.

As a matter of fact, revenue cutters are the life savers of the seas. They patrol the coasts on regular beats, on the watch for vessels in distress. They must suppress mutinies, prevent smuggling and illicit seal hunting; they must examine ships' papers, enforce quarantine regulations, supply lighthouses and in general do all kinds of police work. Then, too, they have been dubbed "the messenger boys of the seas."

Alexander Hamilton was the father of the revenue cutter service, for it was under his administration of the treasury department that, in 1791, ten cutters were built and put in commission under rules of his own devising. In time of peace the cutters are under the supervision of the treasury department, but in times of war they are transferred to that of the navy department. Since the war of 1812 they have always rendered excellent service in the event of armed hostilities. Every one remembers the remarkable work done by the McCulloch, under Dewey, at the battle of Manila Bay.—New York Press.

A GEM OF POESY.

Maybe It Was the Heat That Made It Burst Into Being.

Stewart Edward White, William Kent and myself were hunting mountain sheep in the ranges of Mexican California. Perhaps because the savage heat of the desert which we were crossing had somewhat gone to our brains we fell to making poetry upon various aspects of desert life. White clapped his hand upon the tarantula; Kent dithyrambed over the pack mule; I sang the dispraises of the jack rabbit. Finally White, who was cook for the day, offered a special prize of duff with raisins (the last remnant of our stores) for the premier verse to be turned out before sunset. At noon we met up with a wandering prospector, who introduced himself as J. Noel Benson, native son of California, and observed upon learning of our literary efforts that he was some poet himself. On being invited to enter the list he retired to the top of a mesa, where the thermometer was something like 110 in the absence of shade, and after half an hour of self communion returned with the following gem of poetry:

THE GNAT.

The gnat he is a noble mite. He loves to buzz. He loves to bite. He crawls upon you when you're hot. I love the naughty gnat—nit—not!

The duff was awarded to him without protest from the other contestants. —Success Magazine.

How Leap Year Started.

Hampson, in his "Meditations," Kantianism, quotes the following quaint tradition from an old Saxon treatise: "Some assert that the bissextus or leap day comes through this, that Joshua prayed to God that the sun might stand still for one day's length that he might sweep the heathen from the land that God had granted him and his followers. It is true that the sun did stand still for one day's length over the city of Ghebon, but the day went forward in the same manner as other days. And the bissextus is not through that, as some do think."

In France and some parts of Spain, and Portugal there exists a tradition known as "the ghost of leap year." Believers in this say that a marvelous monster annually appears on leap day and disarranges human affairs for the remainder of the year.

A Royal Apology.

King Edward VII. was never at a loss for a quick, suitable answer. One day he was coming around a street corner on one of his periodical walks in London when he collided with a very stout person, who, being near-sighted, did not recognize the king, took him by the lapel of his coat and gave him a tongue lashing.

"Do you know, sir," finished the stout man, "that I am a member of the London council?"

"In that case I beg your pardon," replied the king. "For I am only the king of Great Britain."

Just the Other Way.

Rudyard Kipling was once visiting at a country house at which Miss Dorothy Drew, the famous granddaughter of Mr. Gladstone, then a little girl, was also staying. She was sent out into the garden with the distinguished author.

Later on, when the other grownups joined them, little Miss Dorothy was asked, "I hope you didn't bore Mr. Kipling?"

"No, but he bored me frightfully," was the unexpected and resigned reply.

About Face.

Miss Prude—I just heard that Mr. Upjohn had an accident—in fact, that he broke his—ab—er—limb, you know. Do you know how it happened, Mr. Jones?

Mr. Jones—Why—er—he was gathering apples, you see, and he fell from the—aw—er—that is, the leg of the tree.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A Possible Remedy.

"The ocean doesn't seem to agree with you," cosseted the ship's doctor, who had prescribed everything conceivable.

"Perhaps it would," moaned the other. "I haven't tried it yet!"—Puck.

Talent Recognized.

"Jebbers doesn't appear to have the slightest idea of practical politics!"

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum; "his assumption of ignorance on the subject proves him a most astute politician!"—Washington Star.

REVENUE CUTTERS.

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Established by Franklin in 1786.

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 131
House Telephone 1019

Saturday, October 8, 1910.

A speed maniac has sold his auto to pay the amount of his accumulated fines. The man in the street gets a sweet revenge.

The Boston & Maine railroad, under Mr. Allen's management, will spend twenty millions in improvements to the road and equipment in the near future.

Senator Lodge of Massachusetts has too much to do at home in caring for his political fences to afford him time to come to Rhode Island. He has declined to speak at the Republican State Convention on October 19.

Even the hard-to-please "New York Evening Post" is pleased with Henry L. Simons. It says that the Republican cause made a "shrewd and strong nomination" in nominating him and have put the New York Democrats to their traumps.

Bob Taylor declines to be the Democratic nominee for governor in Tennessee, in place of Patterson, withdrawn. Under the circumstances playing the fiddle at his own bedside pleases Bob much better. Besides, he has been a Democratic governor of Tennessee three times.

It is given out in flaming headlines in the Providence papers that O'Shaughnessy is opposed to Cannon. Wonderful news! Did they suppose that a Democratic Congressman—if such a constituency could befall this State as to have one—would vote for a Republican for Speaker, be he Cannon or any other man?

Some of the Providence papers that are anxious to get Congressman Capron out of the way, hoping thereby that a Democrat may have a better chance, are circulating the story that the Congressman will not run again. Mr. Capron himself denies these statements which ought to be pretty nearly official.

The caucuses in this city will be held next week for nomination of members of State and district conventions, for State Senator and for members of the House of Representatives. Messrs. Hazzard, Franklin and Beckman will probably be re-nominated without serious opposition. Representative Kerr will not be a candidate for re-election. There may be something of a contest over his place. In the fifth district the contest is between members of the Democratic party. That district is strongly Democratic and whoever gets the nomination on that ticket will doubtless be elected.

Gov. Pothier's Record.

There are only two things in Governor Pothier's two years' administration of the affairs of Rhode Island that the Providence Journal can find to attack, and on these two things it is daily trying to befog its readers with falsehoods. It charges the Governor with supineness for not vetoing the acts of the General Assembly in giving the town of Cranston a city charter, and the second so-called dereliction of duty was in allowing the so-called lobster bill to become a law.

Now the bill giving the town of Cranston the right to a city form of government was fully discussed in both branches of the General Assembly. Many hearings were given, and petitions asking for the act were received from property owners representing nearly two-thirds of the valuation of the town. Many of the leading citizens appeared before the committees asking for the bill and the opposition was exceedingly weak, only one man appearing before the Senate committee.

The bill passed both houses by more than three-fourths majority, which was more than sufficient to pass the bill over the veto. The only opposition to the measure either before or after it was passed came from a few Democrats who thought they saw in it a move on the part of some wicked Republicans to perpetuate their power.

The lobster act, so-called, produced simply a tempest in a teapot. It has proved entirely a harmless measure and thus far has cost the State less than five hundred dollars to buy all the egg lobsters offered. The appropriation made last spring, so the members of the board say, will be ample to carry the commission through the year and that the total expenses of the board with the lobster bill thrown in will be less than in former years. The lobster bill passed both branches of the General Assembly unanimously, and with some amendments that can be made this winter will prove of great benefit in propagating the lobsters in Narragansett Bay.

The bill is similar to one that has worked well in Maine. It is along the lines with what the Government is doing at Woods Hole and is what is necessary for this State to have if the people still expect to grow lobsters in these waters. If the Providence Journal knew anything about the subject of lobster growing it would cease making itself ridiculous by publishing its foolish statements in regard to this measure. To those who know the situation its editorials are simply laughable. They show either woeful ignorance or a willful determination to deceive.

Tariff Lies.

If anything further were needed to show how substantial were the reductions in duties by the new Tariff, and how fallacious is the charge of the Free-Traders and Insurgents that "reductions in duties by the new Tariff were inconsequential," the official figures here given constitute the complete answer to their charges.

Here, however, is another point, given in the official figures, which should not be overlooked: The average ad valorem rate of duty on all importations which came into the ports of the United States during the life of the Payne Tariff is 25.95 per cent. During every year of the life of the Dingley law from 1897 to August, 1909, the average ad valorem rate of duty on all imports ranged from 22.88 per cent. to as high as 29.55 per cent. In other words, on the basis of the general average ad valorem rate of duty on all imports, the Payne law shows a reduction on the average of at least 3 per cent. What will the Insurgents and Free-Traders have to say to these official figures?

The opponents of the new Tariff are wrong in their contention about the rates of duty, and they are also wrong in their predictions as to the result of the new law. On the revenue side the new Tariff during eleven months produced in customs duties \$302,822,000, as against \$307,033,000 as the highest full year record of the Dingley Tariff. The meaning of this is that the duties were re-strained by reductions and abolition on many articles and increases in duties only upon high grade luxuries.

Carefully Weighing Matter.

President Taft considers the appointments of the justices to the Supreme Court as the most important duty that is now confronting his administration. The discussion of the available candidates today was only a beginning of the suggestions along the same line which the president will invite during the three days' cabinet session. The president himself is approaching the Supreme Court appointments with an entirely open mind. He will express his own opinion to the cabinet, and will in turn take theirs under consideration. To the last analysis, however, the president will rely absolutely upon his own opinion in the matter of these appointments.

To Re-organize.

Acting in behalf of the bondholders, most of whom live in Rhode Island, the sheriff of Cumberland county, Nova Scotia, has sold the coal mines of the Atlantic Gulfstone Company, located at Joggins, N. S., to David P. Sherwood of Providence for \$51,000. The company defaulted on the interest of the bonds, and claims aggregating \$180,000 have been prevented. It is understood that the corporation will be re-organized. Mr. Sherwood is well known in this city and many of the stockholders of the company reside here.

If a Protective Tariff is responsible for high prices, what is accountable for the increase in England, which has no Protective Tariff. The London "Graphic" has been looking the matter up and finds that in 1908 Free-Trade England paid \$38,000,000 more for four articles of food than the same products cost in 1908. These four commodities were wheat, bacon, eggs and mutton, and the "Graphic" particularizes the advance in each case. What's the answer? There will be none from that class of shallow thinkers who have a parrot-like facility for putting everything up to the Tariff.

Mr. Waterman in his letter of acceptance of the Democratic nomination for Governor says that he shall continue in practice law just the same. We should advise him to hold fast to his business as Gov. Pothier will attend to the duties of State for the next year in the same efficient manner as he has during the last two years. Mr. Waterman need not be awake nights fearing that he will have extra work thrust upon him.

It looks now as though the Democratic nominee for mayor of Providence would be Joseph F. Cole. The fight is between him and ex-Mayor McCarthy. Mr. Cole is the local manager of the Norcross Bros., the firm that is building the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. building in this city.

New York's Democratic Convention can be boiled down into the question, "Has anybody seen Murphy?" The fall of the Tammany tiger was the whole show, says an exchange. If all reports are true, if anybody in that convention did not "see" Murphy he was a poor stick.

Boots and shoes have gone up, although the duties were reduced, and hides put on the free list. Boots and shoes have even advanced since the prices of hides and leather showed slight declines. Is the Tariff to blame?

A fire, the origin of which is unknown, completely destroyed the home of Charles V. Perry, uncle of Bishop-elect James De Wolf Perry, of the Episcopal Diocese of Rhode Island, Monday afternoon at Bristol.

The Democratic candidate for Congressman from this district breaks into poetry in his letter of acceptance. He perhaps feels in a more poetic mood now than he will after election.

An exchange says, Republican insurgency is Democratic opportunity, which is quite correct.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard M. Thomas will remain here until the middle of November.

WEATHER BULLETIN.

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Washington, D. C. Oct. 8, 1910.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Oct. 6 to 10, warm waves to 10, cool wave to 12. In a general way the best of crop-weather will prevail during this disturbance. West of Mount-Winery, Cincinnati and east end of Lake Superior conditions will be favorable to all farm work while east of that line they will be unfavorable.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Oct. 11, cross Pacific slope by close of 12, great central valleys 13 to 15, eastern sections 16. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Oct. 11, great central valleys 13, eastern sections 16. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Oct. 14, great central valleys 16, eastern sections 18.

General average of weather during the week centering on Oct. 14 will be unusually warm and stormy. That week will begin cooler than usual, then very warm about Oct. 14 and then cooler than usual about Oct. 17. These conditions are estimated for Meilhan 80. They will occur earlier west of that line and later east of it. Not much rain till after Oct. 14, except in small sections near where the severe storms will occur. Weather most severe in eastern sections.

Fourth disturbance of Oct. will reach Pacific coast about 17, cross Pacific slope by close of 18, great central valleys 19 to 21, eastern sections 22. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Oct. 17, great central valleys 19, eastern sections 21. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Oct. 20, great central valleys 22, eastern sections 24.

This will be another fierce disturbance but while the previous storm will be most severe in eastern sections this one will begin as a radical storm on the Pacific coast and will lose force as it approaches eastern sections. With this disturbance rainfall will largely increase and with the close of it temperatures will begin a long and rapid go-down, ending in cold weather during closing days of the month.

Advice farmers to prepare for a very cold month in November. Feeding of live stock will necessarily begin early and as a consequence much more feed will be required for live stock than is usual for that month. The crops are not as large as has been reported by interested speculators and before next May we will see Chicago market reports placing wheat at \$1.25, corn 65 and oats 45.

Early in November frosts will check the growth of cotton and that month will bring bad weather in the cotton belt. Planters will lose by it if they fail to pick all the cotton they possibly can before the first of November.

There is no good reason why cotton should not continue to bring good prices for the planter and if the big speculators begin to run prices down the remedy lies in a refusal by the planters to sell.

Many people are watching with interest the outcome of the controversy which is going on between the police department and the Salvation Army. The captain, who received orders to stop beating the big drum on Sundays, refused to comply with this request and has received word from her superior officers in Boston to go on with her work here in the future the same as in the past, and they will fight the case even in the courts. Captain Bealish is a woman with great pluck and determination and seems to have no fear of being arrested. If she is willing to await the decision of those she deems the proper authorities to settle such matters.

The biennial election amendment to the Constitution of the State will be read to the electorate at the coming November election but no further action will be taken on it till after another General Assembly has acted upon it. Mr. O'Shaughnessy, the Democratic candidate for Congress from this district, enjoys the unique distinction of being the only member of the last house of representatives to vote against the measure. All the Republicans voted for it as did such well known Democrats as James J. Nolan of Providence, Dennis J. Shea of Cumberland, and George H. Geddes of Cumberland.

Few people realized when they first read the newspaper account of the terrible shooting affair in Providence Tuesday night, in which two people were killed and a third wounded, that the young man who committed this act, Mr. Robert H. Robinson, Jr., was well known in Newport, having been employed at the Perry House as night clerk about a year ago. Young Robinson was well liked and the tragic ending of his life is deeply regretted by all who knew him.

There has been a hot fight going on in Massachusetts for the Democratic nomination for Governor. Nabey, Foss, Hamlin, are all out of the fight. At last accounts they had nominated a "temporary" governor, who is to resign when some one else is elected. The convention at an early hour broke up in a free fight. All the police force of Boston was called on to quell the riot.

The crop of candidates for office this year seems to be an unusually large one. If there is anything that the average American citizen likes to do it is to hold office.

Huyler's store on Bellevue avenue was closed the past week on account of the death of John S. Huyler, which occurred at Rye, N. Y.

The Hebrews of Newport on Tuesday observed their New Year, closing their places of business throughout the day.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles A. Brackett have returned from a trip to the White Mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry B. Lehr close their Newport season the middle of the month.

A still alarm was sounded Tuesday noon for a slight fire in Morgan's court.

Mrs. Frank Fitzhugh is ill at the Newport Hospital with typhoid fever.

MIDDLETOWN.

Rev. Clayton E. Delamater, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church at the Four Corners, returned last week from a five weeks' vacation at the White Mountains, and occupied his pulpit on Sunday. The Sunday School returned its sessions and the weekly Friday evening meetings of the Epworth League at the Church, which have been suspended during the pastor's absence, will occur as usual.

After a vacation of two months, the monthly meeting of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the M. E. Church was held on Tuesday afternoon at the parsonage. There was a good attendance of members and several visitors. The meeting was conducted by the president, Mrs. C. E. Delamater. The roll call was answered by the names of missionaries with whom the members are corresponding and by letters and brief information concerning their district of work. The closing chapter of the Mission Study for the past year, "South America: Its Missionary Problem," was taken up under the topic "The Outlook" and Mrs. Ellen Smith, the vice president, gave a carefully prepared paper upon the "Social Conditions." Mrs. J. M. Brown sang the solo, "Watchmen, Tell us of the Night." The study for the coming year will be begun at the November meeting and will be "The Evolution of the Negro Race, a Study of the Negro." The boys, which is by Mary Helm, is entitled "The Upward Path."

Under the direction of the Entertainment Committee of Aquidneck Grange, Mr. and Mrs. William C. Hubbell, an interesting and instructive lecture was given at the town hall, on Tuesday evening, by Mr. Arthur B. Commerford of Newport, his subject being "Southern Europe." The pictures were unusually large and included about 138 slides, being but a small selection of the many which Mr. Commerford has to cover his extended trip. The audience followed the hour and a half talk with the closest attention and much appreciation was expressed at its close. The points covered were the ocean voyage, the Western Islands, Northern Africa, Spain and Italy. The lecture was operated by Mr. Wm. H. Young and was run by electricity. Music was furnished by the Hodgson orchestra of Newport, of three pieces, Mr. G. Lefroy Grinnell accompanying. Dancing concluded the evening.

The Paradise Reading Club resumed its weekly meetings on Wednesday and were guests of the president, Mrs. Alice Hubbell, on Pleasant Avenue. The program for 1910-1911 promises to be both interesting and instructive. The successive stages in the growth of the country are taken up commencing with "Ancient America," its discovery, exploration and colonization, its war, political and social conditions, and the growth which has placed it today among the powers of the world. Prepared papers will be given at nearly every meeting by various members, and one date a month is to be devoted to social gatherings of the club, its families and friends. A club library is also to be formed, whereby a book shall be purchased and read before the club at stated times and retained in the organization for further circulation. Mrs. E. J. Peckham has started the movement and will be the purchasing committee. The club opens its new year under most favorable conditions. Last year the organization was much handicapped by bad weather and much illness throughout the members, especially among the former officers.

The ladies of Holy Cross Guild received a large patronage at their annual harvest supper, Wednesday evening, which was held at the guild house, West Main Road. Being on the early line many go out from Newport, for the guild has a well-established reputation in furnishing excellent suppers. The supper was held from 6.30 to 8.30, in the assembly hall which was attractively decorated in autumn produce and flowers. Cold meats were served, accompanied by hot potatoes and vegetables, rolls, coffee and pies of all kinds, under the chairmanship of Mrs. Henry J. Chase. A small dance concluded the evening, Mrs. Alvin Shinnous pianist.

The first fall meeting of the Berkeley Men's Club was held Wednesday evening at the parish house, arrangements being made for the winter's program.

Aquidneck Grange presents an instructive program for its regular meeting at the town hall next Thursday, during the "Lecturer's Hour," under the following topics: "How some of the business is done in the General Assembly"; Corporation Committee, James R. Chase; Labor Committee, Joel Peckham; Agriculture Committee, Frank T. Peckham; Finance Committee, Charles H. Ward; Duties of a Legislator, Howard R. Peckham; "Is the Grange as strong a force as it should be in promoting helpful legislation for the farmer?" Benj. Wm. H. Peckham.

The Oliphant Reading Club resumes its meetings for the season on Friday afternoon and will be entertained by Mrs. Lillie Macomber McCloskey at the home of her father, John H. Macomber, on State Hill. The subject of the afternoon will be "Reminiscences of the Summer."

Miss Louise Hammond of New York, the Eastern Women's lawn tennis champion, recently defeated Mrs. Barger Wallach in the challenge match in the Longwood tournament.

Mr. Charles Northrup, son of Captain and Mrs. William J. Northrup, had his right arm injured in a press while at work at the Collett Press Company in Westerly Thursday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Shaw Safe and their son, Master Kenneth Shaw Safe, are enjoying an automobile trip through the Berkshires.

Mrs. George A. Converse and Miss Maude Converse have gone to Washington for the winter.

Colonel and Mrs. John Rogers have returned from a trip to New Hampshire.

Mrs. Tilley and her daughter Edith have gone to Intervale, N. H., for a few days' rest.

Miss Edna Barger, who has been ill with pneumonia, is able to sit up.

Mrs. E. H. Bulkeley and son are at the White Mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. C. Taylor are on their way home from Europe.

Major and Mrs. P. J. Boyle are visiting in New Jersey.

Greatest Mechanics Fair.

The great Mechanics Fair in Mechanics Building, Boston, was opened most auspiciously Monday morning, the 3d instant, and is now running smoothly and swiftly along, delighting thousands every day. Possibly never before in the history of entertainments of any kind in Boston has so much been given for so small a financial consideration. After one passes the turnstiles all of the attractions, and they are of the best, are absolutely free to patrons and there are no charges for seats. One can most profitably pass an entire day at this Mechanics Exposition—one day is altogether too short a time to see and enjoy its wonderful sights and sounds—and the time can be passed in the greatest comfort too, for on every hand there are opportunities, not only for sightseeing and study, but for supplying bodily needs, such as rest, food and entertainment of the lighter sort. The week of the 10th instant will be the last of the engagement of the famous United States Marine Band, Lieut. Wm. H. Sautelmann, leader, for on Monday, the 17th instant, the celebrated band of the 78th regiment of Canada, from Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, comes to play for the final two weeks of the exposition. The exposition will be open from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. every day, excepting Sundays until and including Saturday, the 29th instant.

TAFT IS HOUSE HUNTING

Must Give Up Present Summer White House at Beverly

Beverly, Mass., Oct. 5.—Recent rumors to the effect that President Taft would have to move from the handsome cottage he has occupied the past two summers, overlooking the waters of Salem bay, are verified.

House hunting, as a consequence, has taken a prominent place in the daily program for the last two weeks of vacation. His lease expires with the close of the present season and Mrs. Robert D. Evans, who owns the cottage, does not care to renew it.

Mrs. Evans occupies the cottage adjoining the president's. She is one of the twelve richest women in the United States and the rental of the cottage means nothing to her. The cottage obscures the full sweep of ocean view that she desires and it will be torn down.

Bryan on Cannon's Trail
Danville, Ill., Oct. 4.—It is announced here that William J. Bryan will spend Oct. 20 and 21 stamping this congressional district against Speaker Cannon.

WEEKLY ALMANAC

OCTOBER	STANDARD TIME	Sun	Mon	Tues	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat	High water
1	1910	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	11 05
8	Sat	9	10	11	12	1	2	3	11 05
15	Mon	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	11 05
22	Tues	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	11 05
29	Wed	30	31						11 05
30	Thurs								11 05
31	Fri								11 05

New Moon, 3rd day, 3h. 32m. morning.
First Quarter, 11th day, 10h. 10m. morning.
Full Moon, 18th day, 8h. 21m. morning.
Last Quarter, 25th day, 4h. 31m. morning.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding Tenements, Houses, furnished and unfurnished, and Farms or Sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT.

112 Bellevue Avenue Newport, R. I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1837.

He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and a Notary Public.

His Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villas and Country places.

Marriages.

In this city, October 1, 1910, by Rev. Nathaniel J. Sprout, Mr. Alvin Howard Sanborn and Miss Alta Harriann Cranahan.

At St. John's Church, 24 East, by Rev. G. F. Beattie, John Henry Smith and Miss W. Wolcott Schell.

Deaths.

In this city, on Friday, the seventh instant, Louise Juliana Macomb, widow of John Louis Macomb, in the 82nd year of her age.

In this city, 2nd inst., Esther Grant, wife of William S. Vose.

In this city, 3d inst., Maria Carr, wife of the late George W. Seinhorn, in her 75th year.

In this city, 4th inst., James G. Topham, in the 85th year of his age.

In Providence, 4th inst., Robert Henry Robinson, Jr., in his 24th year.

Hayward Frew, wife of Robert Henry Robinson, Jr.

CARTER'S

LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

SICK

HEAD

ACHE

MURDERS HIS BRIDE

PROVIDENCE MAN ALSO SHOTS SUSPECT

RIVER AND KILL HIMSELF

PROVIDENCE, Oct. 6.—After firing

two shots at John H. Schnellbacher,

whom he had accused of paying at-

tention to his wife, and badly injur-

ing him, Robert H. Robinson, aged

22, murdered his bride of a few

months and then took his own life.

Schnellbacher is 22 years of age.

All three of the young people con-

cerned are well and favorably know-

in the Elmwood section of the city and

moved in the best circles. The Rob-

insons were apparently a most happy

couple and their friends had no sus-

picion of the husband's feeling in the

matter.

RECOGNIZED AS REPUBLIC

Principal Cities in Portugal Ac-

cept New Regime

FORMER PREMIER STEPS OUT

Turns Over His Office to Provisional

President Braga—Public Order Re-

stored Throughout the Country—

Proclamation Issued by Provisional

Government to Portuguese People—

Royal Family Safe at Gibraltar

London, Oct. 7.—King Manuel of

Portugal is an exile from his capital,

which remains for the moment at least

in the undisputed control of the revolu-

tionists. Public order has been re-

stored at Lisbon and throughout the

country generally, and the populace

are peacefully celebrating the advent

of the republic proclaimed Wednes-

day.

Premier Teixeira de Sousa yester-

day afternoon formally relinquished

the reins of government to provisional

President Braga and his associates.

This much is known from the few

"DUMMY" NAMED FOR GOVERNOR

Will Withdraw if Satisfactory
Candidate Is Found

DEMOCRATS IN WILD RIOTS

Vahey Brings Delegates to Their Senses by Pointing Out That Nomination Is Lost to Himself and Foss—Chairman Calls on Police to Stop Fights Which Are Carried Right Up to Rostrum—Seventy-Two Hours Allowed by Law for Substitution of Candidates

Boston, Oct. 7.—After wild and disorderly scenes the Democratic state convention adjourned at 1:45 o'clock this morning. James J. Vahey came into the convention hall at 1:30 a. m., a haggard and careworn, and begged the delegates to support him in his withdrawal and the compromise ticket which he presented to the convention.

The ticket was made up after a conference of representatives of both leading candidates. The ticket as named is Frederick W. Mansfield, for governor; A. Z. E. Charest of Holyoke, secretary of state; John B. Halligan of Worcester, attorney general; Charles L. Paine of Hyannis, state auditor; A. C. Peach of Lynn, state treasurer.

It was generally agreed that Mansfield was only a "dummy" candidate, and that today an effort would be made to substitute either William A. Gaston or Joseph C. Pelletier.

All nominations must be filed with the office of the secretary of state before 6 o'clock tonight. The law then says that seventy-two hours may be taken for substitution.

The situation had an element of the pathetic in it when James J. Vahey came to the platform and begged the delegates "for God's sake" to stand by the ticket for which he had withdrawn.

"For God's sake, have some sense. Neither myself nor Mr. Foss can win at this convention," he said. "This is perfectly evident and I withdraw. This fierce struggle here cannot do the party any good. I will sacrifice everything in order that the cause may succeed. We must now get together at this time in the morning and forget that we are not here to gratify either personal or political ambitions."

The convention at Faneuil hall became so wild and disorderly at 12:30 o'clock this morning that Chairman Thayer was compelled to force an adjournment for thirty minutes to give the police an opportunity to quell the riot and stop the fighting that was taking place in all parts of the hall.

The convention had taken two ballots. On the second the Foss supporters came within six votes of nominating their candidate. A third ballot was ordered.

The excitement and contention arising over the method of voting had brought Congressman Kellher and Martin M. Lomasney to the platform. The old ninth district feud brought the supporters of both men about their respective leaders.

Kellher wanted two ballot boxes to facilitate voting. Lomasney wanted the voting to go on as it had been going. Chairman Thayer favored the Kellher plan; the convention supported the Lomasney suggestion.

The supporters of the two men glared and shouted and finally exchanged blows. Thayer ordered the police to clear the platform.

The moment the police moved to action Daniel J. Kiley of Boston attempted to take the chair from Chairman Thayer. He was hurled to one side.

The police hustled into the battling and excited men and pushed them from the platform. Both Kellher and Lomasney were among those pushed from the platform. Lomasney tried to regain his platform position and again went to the ground.

There was fighting and rioting all over the hall. Nearly every other delegate had his fist either in or up to his neighbor's face.

Candidate Vahey, who had witnessed the disorders from the rear of the hall, hastened to join his supporters. He mounted the platform only to meet the police and go foundering back to the floor.

Chairman Thayer kept his head. He saved the convention from breaking up in the wildest kind of riot and adjourned without naming its ticket by not only directing the action of the police so that a temporary cessation of hostilities was secured but also by forcing a short adjournment to secure a conference. The convention had been in almost continuous session from noon.

The Platform
Following is a summary of the platform adopted by the convention:

Tariff revision downward.
Federal income tax, and a decrease of federal extravagance.
Popular election of United States senators.
A universal national parcels post.
More speedy and cheaper justice.
All reasonable labor legislation, including the workmen's compensation act; reform of injunction abuses; shorter hours for women and children.

and the eight-hour bill twice vetoed by Governor Draper.

Initiative and referendum, direct nominations, ultimately the public payment of campaign expenses and termination of the lobby.

Consolidation of existing commissions.
Local self government.

JOSEPH C. PELLETIER

Prospective Candidate
For the Governorship

Restoration of the commercial supremacy of Boston.
Free trade relations with Canada.
Defeat of Senator Lodge for re-election.

The election of a governor who will force commissions to act in the interests of the commonwealth, instead of suppressing railroad competition and allowing discrimination in milk rates and inspection.

The establishment of agricultural schools.

More tuberculosis legislation and the marking of food packages.

A state finance commission.

COLUMBIA OUSTS PROFESSOR PECK

Result of Cambridge Woman's
Breach of Promise Suit

New York, Oct. 6.—Dr. Harry T. Peck, one of the foremost Latin scholars of the world, named as defendant in a \$100,000 breach of promise suit brought by Esther Quinn of Cambridge, Mass., was dismissed as Anthon professor of Latin language and literature by the trustees of Columbia university.

The dismissal grew directly out of Miss Quinn's suit and subsequent developments which involved Peck in a controversy with President Butler of the university.

Although the resolutions of the trustees terminate Peck's connection with the university "forthwith," he announced last night that he would not relinquish his position without a legal fight.

In consideration of his long service, the board voted him a lump sum equivalent to his salary (\$5000) for the current academic year.

DEDICATION OF CATHEDRAL

Great Structure In New York Can Accommodate 18,696 Persons

New York, Oct. 6.—St. Patrick's cathedral was consecrated amid scenes that have never been equalled at any religious event held in this city. The services lasted six hours. When the consecration rite was completed a solemn pontifical mass was sung. The cathedral can accommodate 18,696 people.

Included in the procession were three cardinals, James Gibbons of Baltimore, Vincent Vanutelli of Rome and Michael Logue of Armagh, Ireland.

Although St. Patrick's was opened in 1879 by Cardinal McCloskey and divine service has been held there uninterruptedly since, the structure could never be finally consecrated until it was entirely out of debt.

FATALITY LIST REDUCED

Probable Number of Jackies Drowned Placed at Twenty-Three

New York, Oct. 4.—Six sailors included in the tentative death list caused by the swamping of a barge being towed to the battleship New Hampshire in the Hudson river on Saturday night, turned up safely late last night.

Eight others reported as missing, but not remembered as being aboard the barge, are also safe. This reduces the list of probable dead to twenty-three, with nine missing, thirty-two in all.

Meteor Seen in West Indies

St. Thomas, D. W. I., Oct. 7.—The great meteor that was observed at Johannesburg was seen also from here. Its course was from northwest to southeast. It was a magnificent spectacle.

End of Borthwick Barony

London, Oct. 5.—Lord Borthwick, the seventeenth of that line, is dead, and the famous old Borthwick title expired with him, as he left no heir.

'Gaynor Lays Off Again

New York, Oct. 7.—The absence of Mayor Gaynor from city hall Thursday gave rise to reports that he had overtaxed himself by coming to his office three days in succession. The statement was made that Gaynor had gone to his home in St. James and might be absent for some days.

Rose Over Nine Thousand Feet

Paris, Oct. 6.—The new world's record for altitude in an aeroplane, recently established by Henri Wymaalen at Mourmelon, has been officially recognized by the Aero Club of France. Wymaalen is credited with having reached an altitude of 9136 feet.

DRAPER NAMED FOR GOVERNOR

Old State Ticket, With One Exception, Is Renominated

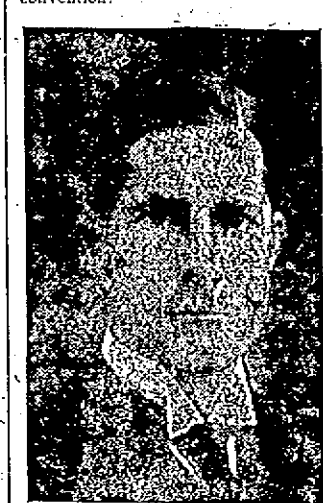
PROCEEDINGS HARMONIOUS

Program Goes Through Without a Hitch, Ames and White Failing to Enter Objections—Administration of Taft Warmly Commended—Walker Tariff Plank Embedded in Platform, Which Approves Payne-Aldrich Act as Revenue Producer—Draper Stands on His Record

Boston, Oct. 7.—By a voice in which there was no dissent, Governor Draper is again Republican nominee for governor of Massachusetts. The party's state convention in Tremont Temple, with close to 1300 delegates in attendance, carried the program to the expected conclusion. The ticket:

For governor, Eben S. Draper of Hopedale; lieutenant governor, Louis A. Frothingham of Boston; secretary of the commonwealth, William M. Olin of Boston; treasurer and receiver general, Elmer A. Stevens of Somerville; attorney general, James M. Swift of Fall River.

It is the old Republican state ticket, with the exception of Attorney General Malone. District Attorney Swift of Fall River was given Malone's place, and the Republican convention had adjourned before the Democrats in Faneuil hall had fairly begun their convention.



LOUIS A. FROTHINGHAM

The platform was accepted without a dissenting vote as presented by the committee on resolutions. The Walker tariff plank was included. Congressman Ames, who had threatened earlier in the day to raise a rumpus in case the platform intimated that Senator Lodge ought to be renominated, was satisfied with the platform after he had heard it read. Norman H. White, who was expected to say something about the platform's endorsement of the governor's railroad policies, was not in evidence.

The convention applauded Roosevelt's name, stood up and shouted for Taft and Draper, and did the same for Lodge and Crane. Lodge acknowledged the ovation to himself by rising and bowing. Crane sat like a sphinx until Lodge pushed him to his feet.

In accepting the nomination Draper said:

"I must be and am willing to stand on my record, and believe that past performance is better than present promise. I cannot truthfully promise any better performance for the future than I have rendered in the past, because I have done my best and shall be satisfied with the judgment of the people on the service rendered."

"We have a hard fight before us, and it is the duty of those of us who believe that Republican success means good government to do all we honorably can to achieve success. I shall do my best to bring this about, and I ask for your hearty co-operation to that end. If we all take hold and work we shall be successful."

The platform adopted praises the administration of Draper. The Republican party is praised for a change in the educational system of Massachusetts, which offers children a chance to obtain an industrial education in public schools.

It says Republican legislation aimed to protect the honest farmer who tried to produce milk up to the legal standard and to take shipments out of the control of milk contractors so producers could get just and equal rates on small shipments.

The conservation of natural resources is claimed as a Republican policy, and the Massachusetts congressional delegation is urged to support the bill for national forest reserves in the Appalachian mountains.

The party is given credit for legislation in regard to medical inspection, good factory conditions, "proper hours of labor," pure food and other health regulations.

Local option on the direct nomination question is approved of, and so is the law making the governor directly responsible for all estimates for state appropriations.

Wood Alcohol Kills Woman
Westerly, R. I., Oct. 7.—Mrs. Thomas S. Champion of Hopkinton City died at her home as a result of drinking wood alcohol whisky.

Hughes Quits Governor's Chair
Albany, Oct. 7.—Governor Hughes retired yesterday afternoon and turned over his office to Lieutenant Governor White.

EBEN S. DRAPER

Enters Third Race
For Governorship

The platform warmly commends the administration of President Taft.

The tariff plank reads: "We recommend the establishment of a permanent, independent, expert tariff commission, the function of which shall be to discover and report to congress from time to time such facts and statistics as will enable congress to amend the tariff law intelligently and scientifically according to the principle of protection."

"We believe that such changes should be made in the rules of the house of representatives and of the senate of the United States as may be necessary to make practicable the amendment of the tariff, one schedule at a time."

The Payne-Aldrich tariff is approved as a revenue producer. The work of Senators Lodge and Crane is praised, and Lodge is endorsed for re-election. The direct nomination system is declared to be all right and ought to be extended.

PLANNED TO SHOOT EMPEROR'S UNCLE

Chinese Caught Just In Time
by Secret Service Operators

San Francisco, Oct. 7.—George Fong, a member of the San Francisco organization of the Young Chinese association, an alleged revolutionary body, was arrested by secret service operatives just as he was about to shoot Prince Tsai Hsün, uncle of the Emperor of China. The prince was boarding the steamer Shlyo to sail for home.

Fong confessed that he intended to kill the prince. A loaded revolver was found in the pocket toward which Fong's hand was moving when the detectives seized him.

The prince's life was declared forfeited to the revolutionary cause, according to Fong, at a meeting of the Young Chinese association held in San Francisco two weeks ago.

CHILD COVERED WITH HIVES

Tormented Two Months—It Itched and Irritated and Scratching Made It Worse—Little Sufferer in Terrible Plight—Several Treatments of No Avail—But at Last the

**DREADFUL DISEASE IS
CURED BY CUTICURA**

"My six year old daughter had the dreadful disease called hives for two months. She became affected by playing with children who had it, although we did not know it. By scratching she caused large sores which were irritating. Her body was a complete sore but it was worse on her arms and back. We employed a physician who left medicine but it did not help her and I tried several remedies but without avail. Seeing the Cuticura Remedies advertised, I thought I would try them. I gave her a hot bath daily with Cuticura Soap and anointed her body with Cuticura Ointment. The first treatment relieved the itching and in a short time the disease disappeared. I recommend the Cuticura Remedies for all skin diseases and give them my greatest praise. Mrs. Geo. L. Fridloff, R. F. D. 1, Warren, Mich., June 30 and July 13, 1908."

Boy's Back Raw
From Shoulder to Shoulder.
Scratched till Blood Ran.
Cured by Cuticura.

"My son's back was raw from shoulder to shoulder and the width of your hand. I really did not think he ever would be cured. He would scratch until the blood would run and he was like a raw piece of meat. I used different kinds of things but each kind made it worse until I read of the Cuticura Remedies, and one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment cured him like magic. I would not be without it in the house and I have recommended it to all my friends. Mrs. J. D. Maxwell, 6th St. Woodside, Long Island, N. Y., May 21, 1908."

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humor of the Skin, including Eczema, Psoriasis, Scabies, and all other Skin Diseases, by the use of Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment (50c) to Relieve the Itch, and Cuticura Resolvent (50c), for the cure of the disease, and Cuticura Pills (50c) to Purify the Blood, Sold throughout the world. Four Dimes a Box. Cuticura Remedies, Eastern Sales Co., 25 Maiden Lane, New York City.

You Need Safe Deposit Protection

For your valuables, because they are not absolutely secure without it.
The Fire and Burglar-Proof Vault of the Newport Trust Company is the best place for valuables.
Safe Deposit Boxes for rent,
\$5.00 and up per year.
Storage Vault for Silverware, Trunks, etc.

The Newport Trust Company,

303 THAMES STREET, Newport, R. I.
Capital \$300,000.00
Surplus and Und. Profits \$119,632

SCHREIER'S, 143 Thames Street MILLINERY

Finest Line of Trimmed Hats in This City
ALL THE NEW SHAPES FOR FALL

Velvet, Plush, Beaver, Satin and Silk
Specialties in Children's Hats

A GREAT SELECTION
POPULAR PRICES
At SCHREIER'S.

STOP IN AT THE
POSTAL STATION ON BROADWAY

and get some of those
LENOX CHOCOLATES.

You will be pleased and so will we.
S. S. THOMPSON,
172-176 BROADWAY.

CHAFING DISHES

With an ALCOHOL Lamp
you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY
you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today

OLD COLONY STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

F. W. PUTMAN, OPT. D.
SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST

Dispensing Optician.
formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.

Children's Eyes a Specialty.
If you have children, watch their eyes. If your child has a grain of sand in the eye, it will irritate and cause a complete cure. Two prescriptions sent free. Write to the nearest optician for all kinds of eye prescriptions given personally.

118 SPRING STREET.

Furnished Cottages
TO RENT AT

BLOCK ISLAND.
H. S. MILLIKIN,
Real Estate Agent.

PERRY HOUSE,
WASHINGTON SQUARE.

OPEN THROUGHOUT THE YEAR
Under entirely new management.
Newly furnished suites with bath up to date.
Rates, \$1 up. Special Rates by the Week.
F. H. WISWELL, Proprietor.

WANTED
SUCCESSFUL boarding house-keeper to live or manage successful country hotel.
W. G. FROCKHAM,
Westfield, N. J.

Cleveland House

27 CLARKE STREET.

The most modern and up to date
House in the City.
A perfect House for Permanent or
Transient Guests.

Rates, \$2.00 Per Day.

SPECIAL RATES BY THE WEEK OR
MONTH.
Apply to
CORNELIUS MORIARTY, Prop'r.

A Full Line of all the
NEW
AND

Improved Varieties
OF
VEGETABLE SEEDS

FOR SALE BY:
Fernando Barker.

CURIOUS COLOR NAMES.

There Was Once an Extensive Group of Flea Shades.

"Flea," which was for a long time the name given an exceedingly popular hue, is when translated from the French simply "flea." It appears that the accidental admission of a flea at a court festivity in France and the subsequent discovery and capture of the uninvited guest gave rise to a host of jokes and anecdotes, and so a new color was joyfully named in the insect's honor. Indeed, there was an extensive group of flea shades—old flea, young flea, flea's foot, lively flea and others. Flea, which was a kind of drab, is still familiar to the reading public through its frequent mention in literature, drama and letters of noted personages in the past.

Few of us, however, know anything of the following colors, each of which was a favorite in its day and as familiar to the speech of fashionable ladies and gentlemen as are the cerise, old rose, etc., of our own time. Here is a little list of them:

Marathon blue, drooping poppy, green of the Oreads, triumph of Aspasia, robe of Venus, brilliant blush, canary's tail, merry hunter, flying chaff, dolphin about to die, thundercloud, innocent infant, caterpillar brown, fading hope, Cinderella russet, smoke of Vesuvius, penitent hermit, dissolving pearl, Cupid's feather, captain's glory, beautiful savage, ambushed wild beast, rose of Eden, faithful shepherd, weary traveler's shoe, agitated nymph and dream of the beloved one pink—Exchange.

SLIPS IN WRITING.

Curious Blunders Made by Reporters and Correspondents.

Every once in awhile some school-teacher comes forward with a list of ludicrous mistakes made in composition by her infant charges. The following laughable "breaks" were not made by school children, but by newspaper reporters and correspondents. Writing is their business, but they often make ridiculous mistakes in the haste of "catching an edition."

In a story about a mad dog scare on Staten Island the reporter wrote, "Policeman Jones drove the dog into ambush and killed it."

The head of a prominent Wall street house, in telling about the action of the directors of a certain company, was quoted as saying, "It came like a cannon ball out of a clear sky."

The report of the result of a damage suit: "Criminal Carusini was awarded a verdict of \$2,000 for injuries received by the jury from the Erie Railroad company."

This from a Brooklyn reporter: "He tried to end his life by suicide."

This one might have been due to an error in typewriting: "The girl was afflicted with typhoid fever."

A correspondent in a small town on Long Island, evidently laboring under great excitement, wired, "Mrs. George K. Blank was the heroine of the holocaust." (She played a garden hose on a burning barn.) In further describing the blaze he said, "The flames swept into furious environment."—New York World.

How Eggs Are Hatched in China.

There is in China a curious method of hatching eggs. First the eggs are placed in tiers in a large basket, twice the size of an ordinary barrel, which is thickly lined with hay and carefully closed from the air by a tight fitting cover of twisted straw. In three days' time the eggs are taken out and replaced in a different order, those at the surface being put in the lower tier. This is repeated every third day for a fortnight, when the eggs are removed from the basket and placed on a shelf in another room, being carefully covered with bran. In a day or two the chickens chip the shells and make their appearance into the world. The success of this method is attributed to the fact that the natural heat of the egg, being retained by the basket, which is formed of material not conducting caloric, is sufficient to support animal life and develop it.—Detroit Free Press.

Thought Once Was Enough.

The Sunday school lesson was from that Scripture which teaches that if your brother strikes you on the cheek you should turn the other also and endure even for seventy times seven. Johnny had listened to his teacher very attentively while she emphasized this fact, and after the lesson the superintendent rose to make a few remarks.

"Now, boys," she said, "how many times ought another boy to strike you before you hit him back?"

"Just about once!" promptly answered Johnny.—Judge.

A Bismarck Story.

Lord Anaphth once found Bismarck reading Andersen's story on the "Ugly Duckling," which relates how a duck hatched a swan's egg and how the cygnet was feared at by his putative brethren, the ducklings, until one day a troop of lordly swans floating down the river saluted him as one of their race. "Ah," observed Bismarck, "it was a long time before my poor mother could be persuaded that in hatching me she had not produced a goose."

Trying to Prove It.

Angry Father—Great Scott! What are you doing, Johnny? Why, confound it, you've got my new watch all to pieces! Johnny—Yes, dad. Teacher told us today that a good watch ought to have at least 170 parts, so I thought I'd see if yours was a good one.

Preparing Her.

"I hope madame is not superstitious?"

"No, my girl. Why?"

"Because I have just broken the large mirror in the parlor."—Paris Rire.

Success doesn't "happen." It is organized, pre-empted, captured, by concentrated common sense.—F. E. Willard.

THE WHITE NILE.

Mr. Roosevelt's Description of Night on the Great African River.

We had come down through the second of the great Nyanza lakes. As we sailed northward its waters stretched behind us beyond the ken of vision, to where they were fed by streams from the Mountains of the Moon. On our left hand rose the frowning ranges on the other side of which the Kongo forest lies like a shroud over the land. On our right we passed the mouth of the Victorian Nile, alive with monstrous crocodiles and its banks barren of human life because of the awariness of the fly whose bite brings the torment which ends in death. As night fell we entered the White Nile and steamed and drifted down the mighty stream. Its current swirled in long curves between endless ranks of plumed papyrus. White and blue and red the floating water lilies covered the lagoons and the still inlets among the reeds, and here and there the lotus lifted its leaves and flowers stiffly above the surface. The brilliant tropic stars made lanes of light on the lapping water as we ran on through the night. The river horses roared from the reed beds and snorted and plunged beside the boat, and crocodiles slipped sullenly into the river as we glided by. Toward morning a mist arose and through it the crescent of the dying moon shone red and lurid. Then the sun flamed aloft, and soon the African landscape vast, lonely, mysterious, stretched on every side in a shimmering glare of heat and light, and ahead of us the great, strange river went twisting away into the distance.—Theodore Roosevelt in Scribner's.

A DUKE'S LOVES.

The Force of the Attacks Were Measured by His Appetite.

In the late eighteenth century a Dr. Moore was tutor to the young Duke of Hamilton of those days, whom he accompanied on the usual continental tour. The duke was then eighteen and was susceptible to feminine charms. He had just fallen a victim to the black eyes of a married lady when Dr. Moore made this report to the youthful peer's mother:

"This is the third passion the duke has had since we crossed the sea. They generally affect his appetite, and I can make a pretty good guess at the height of his love by the victuals he refuses to eat. A slight touch of love puts him immediately from legumes and all kinds of jargon. If it arises a degree higher he turns up his nose at fricassees and ragouts. Another degree and he will rather go to bed supperless than taste plain roasted veal or poulets of any sort. This is the utmost length his passion has ever come hither, for when he was at the court with Mlle. Marcheville, though she put him entirely from greens, ragouts and veal, yet she made no impression on his roast beef or mutton appetite. He fed plentifully upon those in spite of her charms. I intend to make a thermometer for the duke's passion with four degrees—(1) greens, (2) fricassees and ragouts, (3) roast veal and fowls, (4) plain roast mutton or beef—and if ever the mercury mounts as high as the last I shall think the case alarming."—Argonaut.

Pawning Bank Bills.

"Pawnbrokers don't think much of ten dollar bills as pledges," said the city salesman. "I saw a man pawn one the other day for \$0.50. When asked why he didn't spend his \$10 instead of soaking it for a little more than half the amount he explained that he wanted to keep that particular bill. Twice before he had tried to keep a certain bill by giving it as security to a friend who had so many bills that he wouldn't need to spend that particular one, but both times the friend got his money mixed and the keepers was lost after all. This time he depended upon the pawnbroker to tide him over. To pawn money struck me as a very curious proceeding, but the broker assured me that it is frequently done by people who attach a sentimental value to a particular bill or coin."—New York Sun.

His Choice.

"Yes," said the specialist, as he stood at the bedside of the miser millionaire. "I can cure you."

"But what will it cost?" came feebly from the lips of the sick man.

The specialist made a swift mental calculation. "Ninety-five dollars," was his answer.

"Can't you shade your figure a little?" wailed the other. "The undertaker's bill is much less."—Lippincott's.

Kept His Head.

"Miss Gidday," began Mr. Timmid. "I thought to propose—"

"Really, Mr. Timmid?" interrupted Miss Gidday. "I'm sorry, but—"

"That we have some ice cream?"

"Oh, I should be delighted to take!"

"Some evening when the weather is warmer."

Its Purpose.

Howard—That's a bad cough you've got. Do you do anything to cure it? Howard—Nope. It's this cough that wakes our cook in the morning.—Harper's Bazar.

In Boston.

"Say, I'm a stranger in this town. Can you tell me a good place to stop at?"

"Yes, sir. Stop just before the 'at.'"

—Cleveland Leader.

Wait a Bit.

Guest—Look here. How long am I going to have to wait for that half portion of duck I ordered? Waiter—Till somebody orders the other half. We can't go out and kill half a duck.—Toldo Blade.

Flirtation.

"What really constitutes flirtation?" asked the young man of the woman of the world.

"Attention without intention," replied the experienced one.—Scraps.

SHE WAS NO SHIRK.

And She Had No Patience With Modern Cooking Methods.

Different persons have varying ideas as to what constitutes a good housekeeper. The ideas held by Mrs. Dana Goodyear were her own and firmly fixed. "I've got nothing to say against those that follow after these modern notions of cooking, like the minister's wife," she remarked one day, "but all I can state is that her ways aren't my ways and never would be."

"She's been to a city cooking school, I hear," said Mrs. Goodyear's visitor, "and does her work all the newfangled ways."

"I presume so," and Mrs. Goodyear's chin took on its finest expression. "She was telling me yesterday how she could do a morning's baking—bread, cake, pies—and get the regular dinner, tea, and only have three bowls and three or four spoons to wash when she's done aside from the dinner dishes. She told me 'twas by cooking school system she did it, planning and rinsing out as she worked, and so on."

"She seemed real proud of it, but it struck me as a pretty slick way of doing kitchen work. There isn't a lazy bone in my body, if I do say it, and when I've done a Saturday's baking, I'm safe to say that there's hardly a bowl left on my pantry shelves, and I've got a good hour's work before me right in my kitchen sink where anybody that comes in can see it."—Youth's Companion.

KING OF THE METALS.

The Importance of Iron to the Electrical Industry.

The very root of the electrical industry is iron. Without iron it is doubtful if the larger generators and the mighty motors could be built, for the powerful magnets upon which these inventions depend for their power are all made of soft iron either in the form of thin plates or long wires covered with insulation.

Nearly every one is familiar with the common horseshoe magnet, which is but a piece of steel bent in the shape of a horseshoe and charged with magnetism. When a steel bar of this shape is rubbed against another magnet it is "charged" and will remain so for a long time. The magnets used in electrical machinery are of the induction type—that is, the magnetism vanishes just as soon as the current is taken away from them. If you wind a long insulated wire tightly around a soft iron core and send through this wire a weak current of electricity the core will be instantly possessed of strong magnetic qualities. This fact is the basis of all electric motors and generators. The field coils are usually made of a soft iron core, wound with yards and yards of insulated wire. When the current is sent through this wire the soft iron core is turned into a powerful magnet, and this magnetic power is used to drive motors or to generate more electricity.—Electrical Bulletin.

Elephants in Captivity.

The trainer dashed for an instant his dark lantern on the long line of elephants.

"They are asleep," he said. "In captivity elephants always sleep standing."

"Why is that?" the visitor asked.

"They lie down to sleep in the jungle."

"Yes," said the trainer. "I don't know why it is. But you'll never see a captive elephant sleep lying down. Some people say a captive elephant never really sleeps—sleeps sound, I mean—at all. He never has complete confidence, you know. He grieves. He longs to be free. Why, as a matter of fact, this light, standing sleep of his only lasts about three hours at that. All the rest of the night he rocks from side to side in the dark."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Hopi Courtship.

When a Hopi maiden decides which of the eligible young men of the tribe she wishes to marry she goes and sits in his house and grinds corn until he is sufficiently impressed by her industry to marry her. After the ceremony, which is an elaborate one, the couple go to live in the wife's house. If she tires of her husband she can obtain a divorce by merely throwing his saddle out of the house. After marriage the house, fields and all their property except the herds belong to the wife.

The Hopis are indulgent parents. The right of the children to do as they please is never questioned.

Odd Way to Rest.

There is nothing that will rest you so quickly as to sit on a straight back chair and, lifting the feet from the floor, push them out in front of you as far as possible, stretch the arms, put the head back, open the mouth wide and make yourself yawn.—Family Doctor.

The Only Trouble.

School Visitor—I hear, my good woman, you have a case of somnambulism in your family. Perturbed Mother—Tain't no such thing, ma'am. We ain't never had one of them ketching things here. The only trouble is that Mamie walks in her sleep.—Baltimore American.

All Shell and No Kernel.

Charley—My friends told me that I have all the eccentricities of genius. Beatrice—What a pity it is, Charley, that you have not got the genius itself!

Few to Collect.

Cholly—Give me time to collect my thoughts. Miss Keen—Certainly, Mr. Sapleigh. You can have two seconds.—Boston Transcript.

Eating Time.

Friend—So you dined at a way station. What did you have for dinner? Traveler—Twenty minutes.—Kansas City Journal.

Justice Is the Breed of Nations.

They are always famishing for it.—Jordan.

CROCODILE TEARS.

Old Legends That the Brutes Shed Them Over Their Prey.

There was an old story, to which we find constant reference in Elizabethan writers, that crocodiles wept over their prey. No doubt the legend arose because the crocodile possesses large, well-developed lacrymal glands, but it appears in various amusing forms.

As early as the fourteenth century, in "Mandeville's Travels," we find: "In that contrie ben great pleties of Crocodiles. These serpentes slien men, and thet eten hem wepyng."

An odd turn is given to the tale by the narrator of one of Sir John Hawkins' voyages. Whether he was a married man or not we do not know, but he writes: "His nature is ever, when he would have his prey, to cry and sob like a Christian body, to provoke them to come to him, and then he snatched at them! And thereupon came this proverb, that is applied unto women when they weep. Lacrymæ crocodili, the meaning whereof is that as the crocodile when he crieth goeth them about most to deceive, so doth a woman most commonly when she weepeth."

In Fuller's "Worthies" there is the added information that "the crocodile's tears are never true save when he is forced where sorrow groweth." Shakespeare, Spenser and Dryden allude to this old world fancy.

LOVELY LUCERNE.

The Tourist Center of the "Playground of Europe."

Lucerne, situated in the heart of Switzerland, stands, as it were, enshrouded amid the grandest and most picturesque features of Alpine scenery and is, of course, the tourist center par excellence of the "Playground of Europe," three main lines of railway converging on the famous town beside the lake. Nor could nature, indeed, have well done more for "Lovely Lucerne," as all the world acclaims it (declares a writer in London Sketch). On one side stands the Rigi, on the other Pilatus (7,000 feet high), with between them the fair, shimmering expanse of the Lake of the Four Cantons and beyond it again a widespread panorama of the glaciers and snow-peaked ranges of the Alps.

From the Rigi (3,000 feet), easily climbed by aid of its famous "mountain train," the view takes in the Bernina, Gotthard, Unterwalden and Bernese Alps, stretching far and wide, from the Sentis in the east to the Blumhals in the west, and to northward the Jura mountains, the Black forest and the Vosges barrier between Frank and Teuton. From the Rigi some fourteen lakes are visible on a clear day, among them Sempach, by the shores of which was fought the famous battle where the Swiss won their freedom.

Naming a Yacht.

The naming of a book is no holiday task, and authors particularly proud of a title are tolerably sure to discover that it has been already used. But the naming of a yacht is almost a greater perplexity. Plagiarism may in this case result in practical confusion carrying the most awkward consequences, and not all titles to which, in search of variety, recourse has already been had are satisfactory from all points of view. Not long ago, for instance, a very grave British cabinet minister, perhaps wishing for once to be sprightly, called his yacht *Mimi*. He had not consulted his family, who were, however, quite sure he thought to delight in his outburst of gaiety. However, his daughters naturally remarked how very disagreeable it would be to go ashore with that label around their hats.

Where Ears Grow Sharp.

A French balloonist has recorded the clearness with which sounds coming from the surface of the ground can be heard at a high altitude. At the height of 5,000 feet the ringing of horses' hoofs on a hard road was clearly audible. At 4,000 feet the splashing sound made by ducks in a pond was heard. The barking of dogs and the crowing of cocks could be heard at seven or eight thousand feet. These sounds penetrated through a white fog of cloud that hid the earth from sight, says *Harpers Weekly*. In the perfect silence of the air the investigator was startled by what seemed stealthy footsteps close at hand. It was ascertained that this noise was caused by the stretching of the ropes and the yielding of the silk as the balloon continued to expand.

A Synonym.

"Being a printer, Mr. Dash," said the hotel proprietor, "maybe you can advise me. I want to get a sign painted, 'Writing Room Free to Our Patrons,' or something like that."

"I don't like 'patrons,'" said Mr. Dash.

"No? Maybe that doesn't sound just right. What would you suggest?"

"Victims!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Lucky One Way.

Jackson—Your daughter plays on seven instruments? Man, you're lucky. Grouche—I often think so—when I consider the number of instruments there are.—Chicago News.

The Right Solution.

The reason why newly wedded men are called "Benedicts" is because they are supposed on marriage to give up all the bad habits to which they have "benedicted."—Lippincott's.

Ambition is but avarice on stilts and masked.—Lander.

A Good Talker.

Yeast—Did you ever have the acoustic properties of your house tested? Crimsoubeak—Oh, yes; my wife is testing them all the time.—Yonkers Statesman.

No man sympathizes with the sorrows of vanity.—Johnson.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of
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In Use For Over Thirty Years

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ALCOHOL 3 PER CENT.
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INFANTS & CHILDREN
Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotics.
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Dr. H. H. Fletcher
NEW YORK.
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35 Doses—35 CENTS
Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act of 1906.
Exact Copy of Wrapper.

RAPID STORY WRITING.

A Boast That Dumas Made, a Wager and the Result.

For rapidity of composition the prize among novelists must be awarded to Alexandre Dumas, who died with over 8,000 books to his credit, in all of which he had some share. According to Mr. Arthur F. Davidson, one of his biographers, he often declared that when once he had mapped out in his mind the scheme of a novel or a play the work was practically accomplished, since the mere writing of it presented no difficulty and could be performed as fast as the pen could travel. Some one disputed this; the result was a wager. Dumas had in his head the plan of the "Chevalier de la Maison Rouge," of which he had not yet written a word, and he made a bet of 100 louis that he would write the first volume of the novel in seventy-two hours. The volume was to be formed by seventy-five large foolscap pages, each page containing forty-five lines and each line fifty letters. In sixty-six hours Dumas had done the work in his fair, flowing hand, disfigured by no erasures—and the bet was won with six hours to spare.—London Chronicle.

Danced in Court.

An unusual scene was once witnessed in a French law court, the civil tribunal at Nantes. The proprietor of a local theater had engaged a young lady dancer, whose performances at rehearsals did not come up to his expectations. He therefore would not let her appear, and the fair dancer took action against him for breach of contract. The defendant alleged that she had not even learned the first steps of her art, and, here being a plain issue, the judge determined to decide for himself. A space was accordingly forthwith cleared on the floor of the court, and in these unusual surroundings the young lady duly went through her steps and prouettages. In the result the judge felt justified in certifying that she was quite an expert dancer and decided the case in her favor. Henceforth she advertised herself as the only dancer in the country with a legal certificate of proficiency.—London Tit-Bits.

Poets and Dogs.

Poets have always loved dogs. In this poets and boys resemble each other. Walter Savage Landor was devoted to his dog Gladio and Byron's epitaph upon his dog Boatswain we all remember:

To mark a friend's remains these stones arise.
I never had but one, and there he lies.

Cowper was very fond of his dog, and we know how Charles Lamb, who was a prose poet, loved his Dash and how Mrs. Browning appreciated the little Flush to whom she indited a poem. The Earl of Shaftesbury kept his noble collier in his library with him at all times and Samuel Rogers always walked out with his dog. Scott declined an invitation to dinner when his dog died, saying that he could not accept on account of the "loss of an old friend."—St. James' Gazette.

The Cassowary.

The cassowary is a natural boxer and the only bird, except perhaps the ostrich, whose method of defense and attack in warfare is the forward kick—straight out, like a man's calculated to arouse envy in the breast of any save a crack athlete. Another peculiarity of this bird is his ability to perform a sort of war dance over any particular object, a bit of rag, a stick or a stone, that attracts his attention.

Varied Views of Marriage.

Marriage is a lottery to the bachelor, an urgent necessity in the opinion of the widower, a delightful temptation to the widow, a habit with a good many.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

HE ASKED THE TIME.

A Question and Answer That Changed a Clerk's Position.

How many clerks measure up to the standard of the young bookkeeper in this story from *Human Life*? He was employed in the passenger department of a great railroad. It was just a little before lunch. Some of the clerks were putting on their coats, some leaving for the washroom, some consulting the clock; some were still busy. Suddenly the "boss" entered. He glanced about him and then approached the young bookkeeper.

"What time is it?" he asked.

The young man kept on figuring, and the boss put a hand on his desk and repeated the question.

Instantly the other looked up, surprised to see the chief at his elbow.

"I beg your pardon, were you speaking to me?" he asked.

"Merely inquired the time—that was all," said the other.

"The bookkeeper glanced about the room, located the office clock and said, 'It's ten minutes to 12.'"

"Thank you," said the general manager and vice president, and strolled out.

That conversation cost the young bookkeeper his place in the passenger department—and put him under a higher officer "on the firing line." Nine years later he was assistant general manager, and while still in the thirties became a general manager, full fledged.

Created a New Word.

It was the third Earl Spencer who added a word to the language in consequence of a wager. The bet was that by cutting off the tail part of his overcoat he could bring into fashion overcoats so short that the skirts of the undercoat would show beneath. He won his wager, and "spencer" became the name both of that garment and of the feminine one afterward constructed in its likeness. The peerage has added more than one name to the terminology of costume. Everybody knows "Wellingtons," and the billycock hat is said by some to be really "Billy Coke," from Coke of Norfolk, earl of Leicester. But none of these examples in the sphere of clothes rivals what the Earl of Sandwich did when he contrived the slice of meat between bread as a device to enable him to go on gambling without leaving off for a meal.—London Chronicle.

Getting Acquainted.

"We hesitated about renting this place," said the woman who had just moved in, "until we learned that the families on both sides of us owned their houses. It is so unpleasant to live where the people next door are always changing and you never know what kind of neighbors you are going to have."

"Yes," responded the woman on the other side of the fence. "That's one reason why we're trying to sell our house."—Chicago Tribune.

A Bright Student.

During a recent examination in the theology of the Old Testament the following question was asked a young clergyman: "What language did Balaam's ass speak?" After a moment of thought a smile flashed across his face, and he wrote his answer. I looked at the paper. He had written, "Assyrian."—Lippincott's.

Things He Sees.

"He's a terrible drunkard, isn't he?"

"Yes, but he's a good citizen."

"How can that be?"

"Every time he has Jimjams he goes to the courthouse and pays taxes on a pack of pink and blue dogs."—Cleveland Leader.

Anticipated.

Margaret—Did you tell the girls at the tea that secret I confided to you and Josephine? Katharine—No, truly I didn't. Josephine got there first.—Harper's Bazar.

You can't order remembrance out of a man's mind.—Thackeray.

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